















*A*  
*FOLLY*  
*SUMMER*



NEW YORK  
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1883







IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.—*See page 203.*



A  
FOLLY  
SUMMER

By Fred A. Stokes

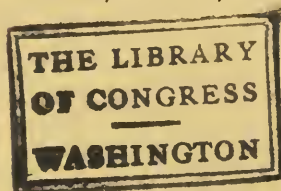


NEW YORK  
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN

1883

11919  
S874

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY  
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
I. A Cruise to a Funeral.....	11
II. We Elevate the Tone of the Steerage ...	22
III. Holland and the Dutchmen.....	41
IV. Cologne and Cologne.....	55
V. We Ahr Ourselves..	75
VI. Vagabondism beside the Rhine..	90
VII. From Dirty Mayence to a Student's Paradise.....	105
VIII. Into the Shades of the Schwartzwald.....	122
IX. We Rise in the World.....	139
X. A Stroll Over the St. Gothard.....	155
XI. North Italian Lakes and Cities.....	169
XII. The Queen of the Adriatic.....	181
XIII. We Rail from Venice to Geneva.....	199
XIV. Adventures in Wicked Paris.....	212
XV. A Potpourri .....	227
XVI. Back to Our Books.....	244



I.

A CRUISE TO A FUNERAL.



A STUDENT'S DREAM OF THE RHINE.

“Boys, what say you to a walking trip down the Rhine next summer?” were the first words spoken over

the walnuts and water of the *Caf  Windsor*, that jovial club of '79 men of the college 'neath the elms, as ten of its eleven members sat in after-dinner *abandon* around the panic-stricken board. The eleventh, who has arrived late, roars, "Juliette, bring me some soup—I'll go!" "And I," said "Bug." "Count me in," remarked "the Object." And last, slowly and carefully, and thinking between each two syllables, "the Cyclops" ejaculates, "I am with you, fel-lows, if I can af-ford it." For weeks nothing is talked of as is the prospective trip, and fifteen enthusiasts assert that they are "certain to go;"



FIRST WEEK.



SECOND WEEK.



THIRD WEEK.

#### STUDYING GERMAN WITH MAD VIGOR.

so German is studied with mad vigor, and six of the party board with the Teutonic proprietor of a Russian bath, and for weeks endure unutterable hardships at his table, in order to enjoy the privilege of hearing German spoken there. They hear it, and also considerable broken English. It is during the temperance agitation, and mine host is a strong supporter of the "License" party. He never drinks water, attributes half of New Haven's disease to its use, and prides himself on having appeared

before the court during a test-case trial, and testified that he and Herr S—— had on that morning engulfed a whole keg of lager, without showing any signs of intoxication.

As he waxes warm with a righteous indignation against his "No-License" opponents, he mutters: "If the United States makes me to vater drinken, and I get sick, I sue 'em, py jiminy, I sue 'em!"

As the month of June approached, the numbers of our party become very much reduced, and final arrangements are made for but eight, all that is left of our fifteen would-be tramps. To occupy the week between Commencement and the date set for our departure, "the Judge" kindly puts his swell yacht at our disposal, and we decide to sail for New London and the Harvard-Yale race, and then to cruise along the Sound as far as our time will allow. Annually safely weathered, we join in the whirl of gayety of Commencement week, all agreeing to wind up with the Senior Promenade Concert, and to "stag it" there, in order to be without the care of ladies on the following day. We tear ourselves away from the strains of "*Nuetz das Freie Lieben*," and the still more charming sound of fresh young voices, full of happiness and life; from the refreshing quivering of graceful tropical plants, the twinkling of satin-slippered little feet, and the floating of clouds of——well, Worth! that so do captivate ye heart of ye guileless student.

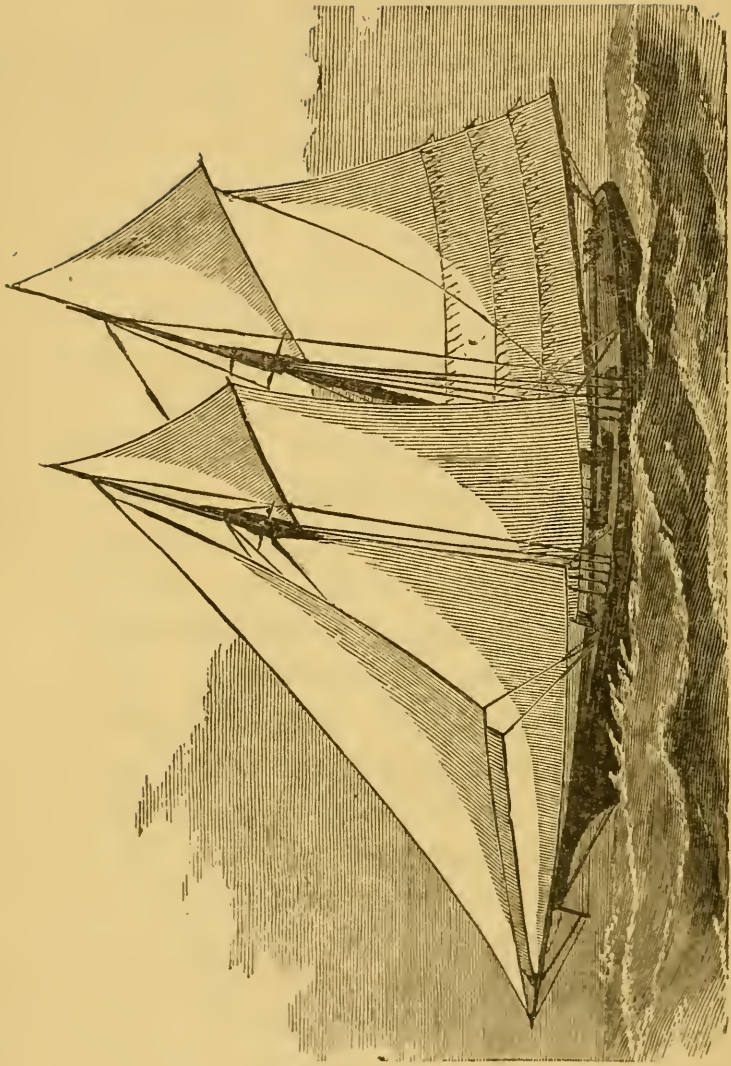
We tenderly fold eight dress spike-tails (after having carefully brushed off a white substance from the region

of the right shoulder), don eight negligé suits for yachting, and wend our way toward the yacht just as the streets assume the leaden gray of early dawn. We retire to our berths, and are roused to find ourselves nearing New London; soon come to anchor and go ashore, to mingle, for a short time, with the crowds of students of both colleges, walking the dingy little streets, or discussing, in groups, the prospect of to-morrow's race. After listening, in company with hundreds of fellow-sufferers, to the blare of a brass band, we turn back to the yacht, and there, under an open, moon-lit sky, spend the evening in an olden time “sing” of all the college songs that suggest themselves, accompanied by the yacht's orchestra, consisting of two well-handled banjos, one very badly-handled tambourine, and “Nancy,” who can't sing, and hence utters an occasional mournful growl, and terms it an imitation of a bass-viol (or “dog-house,” as the wretch insisted upon calling that soul-thrilling instrument of noble proportions).

At breakfast we do ample justice to the Judge's groaning board, especially the Cyclops. Now, the Cyclops has a fine healthy appetite, and it is rumored, among his most intimate acquaintances, that, on the eventful morn of his first appearance upon life's stage, he opened his mouth! Of course that alone was nothing very remarkable; but when the crowd of female relatives pressing around listened anxiously to hear whether his was to be a tenor or a bass voice instead of the expected

wail, they heard, in imperious tones, "Waiter, a shell roast and a cup of chocolate, and brace up, too!"

Whether that is a vile slander or not, certain it is that at breakfast that morning he demonstrated his gormandizing abilities to an extent that alarmed us. Before the rest of us had finished our first piece of steak, Cyclops had demolished his fourth, and was evidently meditating a renewed assault. Number five rapidly disappeared, and as six was meeting its fate, we passed him a piece which had been already tested. Tough as sole leather, it had fairly resisted our knives, yet our friend seemed to appreciate it not, and actually aged and hardened number seven followed its younger and more tender companions. "We are seven," sighed the Judge, as he gazed at the empty platter. "Yes," quoth Bug, "the seven sleepers," as the unconscious Cyclops asked the combination cook-and-waiter if there were any more chops. After breakfast we put ship in bandbox order, as we slowly forged up the river, to anchor near the finish. "The Poet" and "Handsome" rowed ashore, to meet and bring on board a party of lady wearers of the blue, from Hartford and Brooklyn, come down from Commencement gayeties under the escort of some of our classmates. We set all our bunting, and unfurled with it a huge blue flag with '79, our mystic number, embroidered on it in large white numerals, and we sat waiting for our pretty boys, with their fair companions, to return to the yacht. Soon they arrived, in two installments of beauty, and were stowed



THE JUDGE'S YACHT.

away in our most comfortable chairs, while we sat carelessly around on belaying pins, top-gallant trucks, etc., like the gallant sailors we were.

The Object made himself intensely disagreeable by talking in a "culchawed" manner, flourishing a red handkerchief, and making small bets on Harvard with all the ladies, who demanded that the rest of the party toss him overboard—as soon as he had paid said bets with them.

Bug, returning from a trip to the crew's quarters, whither he had departed in the morning, "to put the boys in good spirits," exhibited a most romantic scratch on his cheek, and informed the ladies that his efforts to put the boys in good spirits had been crowned with success, when he had kissed the landlady's fair daughter, and had been thus rewarded.

It was now past the hour set for the race, and, as one of the men up aloft reported that it was coming, the ladies nervously smoothed their blue ribbons, the while pouring forth a continuous stream of such remarks as, "Oh, I *know* Yale will win." "Mr. C. and Mr. K. wouldn't so dare to disappoint us as to be beaten!" "What a jolly time there will be in New Haven to-night," etc., etc.

The Judge peers anxiously through his field-glasses. "I see them!"

"Quick, which is leading?"

We wait for his reply in breathless silence—even the ladies. It comes, slowly and painfully :

“Harvard, by several lengths.”

“Oh, Yale will gain. I know she will,” shriek the ladies. But no; on they come, and we see the grim, relentless swing of the Harvard Eight far in advance of the nut-brown crew with blue handkerchiefs. On they glide, both crews with a seeming ease and lack of effort; but there are but few of the spectators who appreciate the gnawing pain of that last spurt, which seems so graceful and mechanical. A bright, clear day; the water an unrippled mirror of the cloudless sky; a wide, open course, on either side of which are massed scores of the most graceful yachts in the world, covered with streamers of bright-colored bunting; huge steamers careening with eager crowds of human beings, and flying colors from every available point; hundreds of small craft in rapid motion. On shore, the same bright colors, Yale blue and Harvard crimson; the banks fairly black with spectators; the race-train, of vast length, creeping along close to the bank, in sinuous winding, like some huge python, with his variegated scales glistening in the sunshine; a huge grand stand, crowded with lady sympathizers with one or the other college, wearing a profusion of their favorite colors; and, at the water's edge, a surging, writhing, shrieking crowd of students, cheering themselves hoarse, hugging each other, and tossing hats with red bands, canes, red handkerchiefs, high up in the air—for Harvard has a sure lead, and her crew, still rowing in grand form, are just about to cross the line as the cannon

all about them belch forth their flame and smoke. "Why does not Yale spurt?" the ladies ask, impatiently. They are spurting with their last gasp, and well, too, but still with the fatal hang at the end of the recover that has lost them the race. "Another funeral, and Yale as the corpse and chief mourner!" says "the Parson." "Well, I don't care," asserts the lovely Miss A——, "the Yale crew is composed of a great deal handsomer men than those horrid, great, fat, Harvard men." "Yes," adds the fair Miss E——, "and you know they have these old veterans, E—ust and T—ng, who, they say, have grown bald and gray rowing on the ball-crew. No wonder they can beat *our* crew!" "I think," pensively sighs Miss S——, "that we would have beaten them if the race had only been the old six-oared, single-scutt, turned race, they used to have at Saratoga."

"Yes, so do I," growled Bug, "or if Harvard hadn't had a better crew than ours." The conversation was interrupted, at this point, by a smoth-



DARN !

ered but distinctly heard "Darn!" which, being traced up, was charged to the Cyclops, who was discovered leaning over the rail in a most forlorn attitude, and muttering to the Thames. A bottle of olives, which Handsome had bought on shore the evening before, and had hidden away for a treat to the eight, now half-emptied, lay on the deck by his side; but all was forgiven him in consideration of his having spoken for us all, and relieved our pent-up feelings. As soon as the ladies were all safely gone (without a single mention of the bets they had lost to the Object, who was now making himself further obnoxious by strutting up and down the deck, with a red handkerchief fluttering from his cane, and saying: "Rah for 'Arvard 'Varsity, ye know"), we decided to hurry from the place as quickly as possible; we had seen enough of it to last us for some time. So we stood out, and anchored that night off Greenport, L. I.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by a gasping cry, and the sound of gurgling water, and most of us hurried on deck to see Handsome standing, looking as though he had seen a ghost, and the Cyclops slowly coming over the side, drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold. Handsome explained that he had been unable to sleep, and had come, partly dressed, on deck, and was sitting quietly in a chair when he had seen, to his horror, a white-robed object issue from the cabin, and walk directly to the rail and overboard. His had been the cry we had heard, and the cause of the fright was

none other than the Cyclops, who had proved himself a somnambulist in addition to his other accomplishments. We hurried him below to warm him up a little, and there discovered another white-robed object, struggling desperately with a small locker. This proved to be Bug, who was half-way in the locker, and, on being unceremoniously pulled out, told us that he had been calmly sleeping when he was rudely awakened by the sound of rushing water and the ghastly cry referred to, and that his first thought had been that we had been run down and were sinking; so, but half awake, he had made a dive for the first apparent means of escape, and had wedged himself so in the locker that he could not get out unaided. The poor Poet explained that the gurgling sound had been a natural result of the festive Cyclops overturning a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade, which, as it had stood directly over the head of his berth, had poured most of its chill contents upon the sleeping Poet's devoted head. The Cyclops was gradually becoming unpopular, as misfortune after misfortune was developed;



A MIDNIGHT FRIGHT !

but he told his little tale with such an ashamed and penitent air that we all pardoned him at once. "The very first thing that I was conscious of was that I was in the water. Stretching out my hands, I touched the yawl, which was fastened astern ; so I climbed in and, pulling myself to the side, got on board again. I am *so* 'sorry to have caused you all such a fright, and humbly beg forgiveness." Peace restored, we retired again, to slowly recover from our scare and to sleep once more. After a pleasant but uneventful cruise to Block Island and back to New Haven, we left the yacht to attend to various matters in the City of the Elms.

---

## II.

### WE ELEVATE THE TONE OF THE STEERAGE.

STEERAGE is, principally, the subject of this chapter. Perchance that one sentence will suffice for the fastidious reader, for whom the mere word calls up imaginations of foul sights and odors, of, perhaps, a few hundred filthy Russians, crowded in a low, dirty cabin, with as many more Swedes, Polacks, or Germans of the lowest class, and all reeking with the smell of their respective national dishes. Before our reader's dainty eyes pass dreamy visions of this barbarous mob moving about, in fair



THE IDEAL STEERAGE PASSENGER.

weather, in an atmosphere redolent of poor caviare, Holland herring and Limburger cheese *au naturel*, and in foul weather—— I refrain from a necessarily revolting description.

With, perhaps, this same commonly-received notion of the steerage, our eight stalwarts had, nevertheless, accepted it as their fate. The reasons for their seemingly insane determination were numerous and forcible; and

out of justice to themselves, and charity to their sorrowing and shocked friends (some of whom have since endeavored to make them feel a fitting sense of the degradation they had brought upon themselves), we will represent their motives as, first, *poverty*—to some chronic, to others temporary, and the result of the last two ball games and the boat race, to say nothing of Commencement-week expenses.

Again, an inward rebellion against allowing two of our party—who, for private reasons, had sworn to go steerage whether the rest did or not—endure it alone, while we looked down on their self-denial from the grandeur of the cabin; while a number together could make almost any hardship more bearable by sharing and good fellowship, besides having many privileges generally granted to a party. Other influences were the desire, usually present in the composition of a young man, to ascertain how much he is capable of “standing,” and the fact that the oily-haired and smooth-tongued agent assured us that it would be very endurable and even comfortable, from the accommodations of their glorious line, and the small number of steerage passengers taking it, and those of a very respectable class.

So the quarters were examined long beforehand, and pronounced satisfactory, and the agent, who looked upon the whole matter as “one o’ them student larks,” and was quite willing to encourage it as slightly profitable, promised to introduce us to the captain as eccentric millionaires,

and to see to it that we were allowed the freedom of the whole ship. So we sweltered in the terrible heat of New York in early July, busied in making purchases of innumerable variety, beginning with the famous "never-get-dirty" shirts which made the late A. T. Stewart's fortune, and ending with a forty-cent dinner in Hoboken, shared generously with insinuating flies, and eaten with great care and many harrowing fears lest it should not remain our own property for many hours—sad to think of "casting bread upon the waters" to such an extravagant extent!

We gathered together ourselves, baggage, and a little band of wondering friends, on the deck of the steamer S——, bound for Rotterdam. Many preparatory puffs, pants, and groans were succeeded by our leaving the dock to the waving handkerchiefs and farewell cries of our Yale friends down to see us off, not to mention several "cries" of tender females on board and ashore. With a farewell warble and a ringing "three times three," that at once established us in the position of notables, we turned with a cynical smile to the tear-swollen faces around us; but, perhaps, ourselves felt a slight twinge as we thought of the dear ones at home—and elsewhere.

The last link connecting us with the shore shattered by the dismissal of the pilot, we steamed down the harbor, passing numbers of small craft that seemed like toy yachts in comparison with our steamer's massiveness, and we watched the shores fade into dimness with an undefined

feeling of discomfort. We surveyed our cramped quarters with a tinge of dismay, but were delighted to find everything neat and clean, and our fellow-passengers few in number and respectable in appearance.

In the separate compartment assigned to us we arranged the "kits" of the eight. Each steerage passenger purchases this kit, consisting of a rude straw mattress and pillow, tin cup, pan, spoon, knife and fork, also a bed-quilt of some material. Our berths decided by lot, we passed the evening smoking and singing college songs, and retired at a late hour feeling wide-awake in our novel situation, and the Object and Nancy manifested a wonderful exuberance of spirits by getting off some very unsavory puns and conundrums.

"What is the difference between these coverlids and us?" cried Nancy, with great eagerness. "Give it up? Well, because they smell of the dye and we almost die of the smell."

The Object then tried his hand with moderate success, but was at once approached by Bug, who went sadly to him and, with streaming eyes, said, "Object, I'd rather have you kick me than do that again." Notwithstanding, the Parson perpetrated the following, when we were about half-way across: "Why ought we to feel especially lively to-night? Why, because we are 'half seas over.'"

One morning early we awoke to find one young German relieving his feelings upon the floor. We indignantly remonstrated with him, and called the atten-

tion of the ship's doctor to it. He simply cast a glance at the fellow, and remarked in a most calm and mild tone:

"Oh, ya-as, der passengiers begins to be sea-sick now."

An ocean steamer is a perfect paradise to a student of human intel—I mean nature, and one person soon forced himself on our observing notice. It was a young fiend in the shape of a Hebrew, and it was accompanied by its father, whom this imp kept in a state of perfect torment. No sooner did the mild-eyed father engage in any game or quiet amusement than his Pride's angelic countenance appeared around the corner, and in heart-rending tones commanded him to cease. So the poor man always obeyed, and, after he had quieted the cherub, returned to his occupation with a muttered:

"He wurry my life out. I trow him overboard, tamn him!" And we all prayed that he would.

Bug is in love with the whole female sex, and never lets slip an opportunity of playing the gallant. His charmers are to be found in all classes, and he paid as much attention to a pretty German girl—who, by the way, was the flame around which fluttered all the dazzled moths of our steerage—as he was ever known to bestow upon any of New Haven's proudest belles. Wishing to show her all the elephants that dwelt in and around the ship, he had the fair



BUG SOLUS.

“Cherman” out one evening to look at the brilliant display of phosphorus, as it was whirled up by the screw, in bright sheets and flakes.

Bug’s knowledge of German is more limited than his desire to converse; but the conversation must be carried on in that tongue, as his fair one does not understand a syllable of English; so he braces and begins:

*He.* “Wie viele Brueder haben Sie?” (How many brothers have you?)

*She.* “Zwei, mein Herr.”

*He.* “So?”

*She.* “Ja.”

Then ensues a long silence, in which he turns over another sentence to shoot at her:

*He.* “Wie viele *Schwester* haben Sie?” (How many sisters have you?)

*She.* “Drei, mein Herr.”

*He.* “So?”

*She.* “Ja.”

A still longer and more uncomfortable pause, after which Bug, in agony and perspiration, bursts out:

“Leben Ihr Vater und Ihre Mutter?” (Are your father and mother living?)

*She.* “Ja, mein Herr.”

*He.* (In a tone of great surprise and with a prolonged falling and rising accent.) “So-o?”

*She.* (Sharply.) “Ja.”

At last Bug, utterly desperate, can think of nothing but:

“Wie alt sind Sie?” (How old are you?)

At this the maiden, who is just at the touchy period bordering on thirty, flounces indignantly off, leaving poor Bug to gaze alone on the sad sea waves and the fitful flashes of phosphorus, muttering gloomily:

“Why, oh why, could I not think of ‘Wo wohnen Sie?’ (Where do you live?) or ‘Ich liebe Dich’ (meaning ‘I love thee,’ and pronounced by Bug ‘ick libby Dick’), or some nice remark of that sort?”

He is tantalized for the rest of the voyage by seeing his *quondam* charmer overwhelming the first mate with her sweetest smiles, while he, poor fellow, is entirely unnoticed.

The generality of our steerage companions appears to be poor, but neat, with a scrupulous German neatness; the steerage has either been much maligned, or we have been singularly fortunate in ours. But, during the early part of the voyage, our attention was attracted to one uncouth individual, who acted in a very strange manner, and, among other performances, kept imploring the ship’s doctor to attend his little girl, although she was evidently in perfect health. An examination proved the father the invalid, malady—delirium tremens. So Mr. Gams (I believe that was his name) was placed under lock and key in a separate state-room.

In the dead of night we were aroused from our

slumber by the sounds of sudden confusion, and our blood ran cold as we heard that most horror-infusing cry that can strike one's ears at sea—Fire!! But half awake and terror-stricken, some of us hurriedly dressed in the now smoky apartment, and amidst the frightened cries of women and children, and a confused muttering of many languages, in which we distinguished one cry of "The Sacrament! The Sacrament!" and another, "Ich hab' es gesagt!" (The inevitable, "*I told you so!*") repeated again and again. Our fears were soon calmed by one of the party, who had gone to investigate, returning and informing us that all danger was over, as the fire was under control. It seems that, at the change of the watch, a sailor had passed by the state-room in which Mr. Jim was confined, and, seeing smoke curling through the crevices of the wood-work, burst open the door to find a bonfire blazing on the floor, both berths in flames, and the *man* calmly lying in one of them. He rushed for help, and, in the confusion, the delirium tremens monster rushed on deck, and hurled himself headlong over the side. Those who saw him, horror-stricken, made no motion to have the ship stopped until it was too late; so, the fire out, she rolled on as calmly as though a fearful tragedy had not been performed. By the following night all thoughts of the occurrence seemed to have passed out of the minds of our fellow-passengers, who had a dance on the forward deck. Their hop, skip, and jump polkas, schottisches and waltzes were very entertaining, as, also,

were the irrepressible Bug and Handsome, who participated.

Not to allow the excitement to die out, we had another bright variation of the dull monotony of the voyage—an interesting athletic contest in the steerage.

At the first glimpse of a certain individual there, we had been very much amused at Bug's and Handsome's almost simultaneous remark, "How much that man resembles a duck!" And so he did, both in a fat, aimless waddle of a walk, in a most duck-like bill for a nose, and a square-cut mouth that was strikingly that of the bird. We nicknamed him "Quack," and the Object ventured, in his hearing, to imitate a duck's squawk. The noise captivated the man's fancy immediately, and I am now a firm believer in metempsychosis, and that Quack's spirit is destined to be imprisoned by the body of some future duck, for he became perfectly wild on the subject of that horrible noise. He was continually uttering it, and it became his great delight to lie in wait in some dark corner and jump out suddenly, with a most dismal squawk, at some unsuspecting passer-by: all this, to his brilliant understanding, was one vast joke, so surpassingly amusing that he would almost go into convulsions of laughter at its every performance. He was, at first, an amusing idiot, but finally became an unendurable one, and we were charmed when he came to grief.

A passenger whom, from his grave demeanor and owl-like glance, we had called the Professor, had retired

early and was calmly sleeping, when Quack saw an opportunity for a most delicious and racy bit of fun; so he stole up softly and gave vent to a most demoniac squawk in the poor man's ear. The Professor rose like a balloon, and, with a look of the most startled terror on his face, seized the first missile within reach. It happened to be a vast shoe, and it sought the most prominent feature of the witty Quack—his bill, whose beauty it utterly ruined; and then, a profusion of the choicest Billingsgate, until the Captain appeared to pour oil on the troubled waters, and the Doctor, to begin repairs.

The next day we saw a number of whales spouting—a very disappointing performance to most of us, who had cherished fond recollections of a certain geography representation of a monster sending forth a continuous spout of enormous volume. The reality was of but an instant's duration, and, in the distance, the spout resembled a puff of smoke from a gun discharged from the surface upward.

We had the visit and companionship of two graceful dolphins, who came alongside, and kept up with us for a long time, darting in and out of the water as swiftly as though whirled from a cannon, and, anon, clearly visible in the crystal water as they cleaved it at some distance below the surface, and looking like two great silver arrows winging noiselessly along.

Now that we have endured a fearful storm, enjoyed the music of our deep-toned whistle through three morta!

days of fog and whist, in addition to our former experiences, we feel that our happiness will not be complete unless we can stir up a mutiny to fill out the number of possible occurrences on board ship. A quartette of us whiled away the time very pleasantly at whist, and, during the progress of the game, one afternoon, Bug entered our "Rook-Kamer" (smoking-room), and interrupted us by a series of intensely ridiculous, but amusing, directions for play. The Parson finally arose in his wrath, and roared:

"Bug, this room is for *whist-players*."

Now, it so happens that the Parson is the acknowledged bad hand of the party, and the ready-tongued Bug, "now fully roused to the spirit of repartee," scored one against him when he replied:

"Well, *you* had better get out of it, then, Parson!"

Bug kept a journal, as every one must, and started off with an eloquent pen-picture of the steerage, sad partings and all the incidents of the first afternoon. The next day it was neglected, and after that it ran as follows:

"*July 8th.* Made resolutions. Determined to pay more attention to my journal. Too languid to-day, however.

"*July 9th.* Saw a porpoise; jolly big fellow

"*July 10th.* Another porpoise, by Jiminy!

"*July 11th.* Fog.

"*July 12th.* Delirium tremens! fire!! man jumped overboard!!!

"*July 13th.* Had immense time. *Saw phosphorus* in the evening. 'Nificent! Wish we could have a grand, sublime storm.

"*July 14th.* *Got her!* Sublimity and sea-sickness don't mix very well. Don't think I'll keep a journal any more."

We were delighted, one morning, to find our genial board groaning under the weight of—boiled eggs and lemonade, a strange banquet, procured through the enterprise and good-nature of Nancy; but, alas, we discovered, among the first-named articles, several hoary-headed patriarchs! In fact, we had boiled chicken in one instance, the only drawback being that, from the extreme youth of the fowl, it was deemed too tender for mastication. So there remained but a small number, after we had merely had our appetites aroused by one healthy egg apiece. Accordingly, lots were drawn for the remainder, and the countenance of the stately Judge was wreathed in smiles as he found himself the fortunate possessor of egg number two. On slightly breaking the shell, he discovered that it was raw, and remarked: "That's good. Raw eggs are perfectly immense. What, never ate one? Why, my dear boy, you have lived in vain! Just take them at one draught, so to speak, like this—" And right daintily did he balance that egg on one end, over his expectant lips, with an expression of complacent satisfaction, and swallowed its contents; when, lo! the expression of delight on his countenance

suddenly changed, and we envying observers of his performance were happy with a fiendish joy to note it fade away into one of sickening fear and doubt, and, finally, of painful and disgusted certainty, as these sad words came slowly forth from the lips so recently twined lovingly around the end of egg number two:

“Fellows, I’m *afraid* that egg was bad!”

We managed to rouse ourselves from the torpor consequent upon one egg apiece to take chances in several raffles, which were the correct thing on board. Fortune smiled on the Poet alone, and her smile took the shape of a silver (?) watch, the value of which, several times over, was squandered in “setting up” cigars, in consequence of his success in obtaining the questionable-looking property.

As, before starting, we had made a solemn compact to allow no ruthless razor to spread devastation among our sprouting beards until we should land once more on the shore from which we set out, the result was that, at this point of the voyage, the party exhibited every species of the genus beard, from those faintly-discernible, and requiring careful nursing lest they should strike in, to the bristling, carboniferous-age-like growth that covered the noble jaw of the Esau of the party—the Cyclops. He brought to mind Mary Anderson’s lamb, the fiery “Ingomar of the Allemanni,” so dear to Freshmen hearts; and we were all in hopes that some gentle Parthenia might tame him and restrain him from executing his wild purpose, always expressed in the following words:

"The Judge and I want to go to the Zuyder Zee and spend some time among those old villages that used to be large cities, you know. I don't know much about 'em, nor where they are; but I think we can find 'em, and am sure they will be interesting."

The Object and Cyclops amuse us by "scenes from tragedies," or any little fragment they can produce; a favorite and oft-repeated one being:

*Object.* "Ha, say'st thou so?"

*Cyclops.* "Ay, by the mass!"

*O.* "Have at thee, then!"

*C.* "Thy life on mine!"

And then comes the furious combat.

SCENE II.—The stern—The Object gazing at Phosphorus—Enter Cyclops.

*C. (With cordiality.)* "Ha! Mr. Livingstone, I presume?"

*O. (With stately dignity.)* "The same, sir."

*C. (With enthusiasm.)* "My name is Stanley, sir. On the Grampian Hills, sir, my father feeds his geese! Thank heaven I am permitted to see you!"

*O. (With hauteur.)* "It is, indeed, a great privilege."

They stalk to the bows, and, meeting, go through the same rigmarole, in the same manner. It is astonishing to what depths the most erudite will descend for *relaxation*.

We had taken great pains to bring with us a small library of German grammars, readers, and conversation books, with the firm determination of improving each

shining hour, upon the briny deep; but here, at almost the end of our voyage, the social pipe, whist, and the "*Wreck of the Grosvenor*" had reigned in undisputed supremacy. We were all excitement over the prospect of soon seeing *land*—charming word, thrilling us as with sweetest music. During the whole voyage, our scientist, the Judge, had laid the ship's course very carefully, daily comparing his work with that of the captain. So, with great satisfaction, and in the most positive manner, he informed us that we should sight Bishop's Light at eleven o'clock that evening. At dusk it appeared, and the wily Parson having been informed of the fact, and seen the light, went to our navigator, and said—

"Judge, when do we sight the light?"

"Eleven o'clock," he replied, with great certainty.

"Come and see this ship," said the Parson.

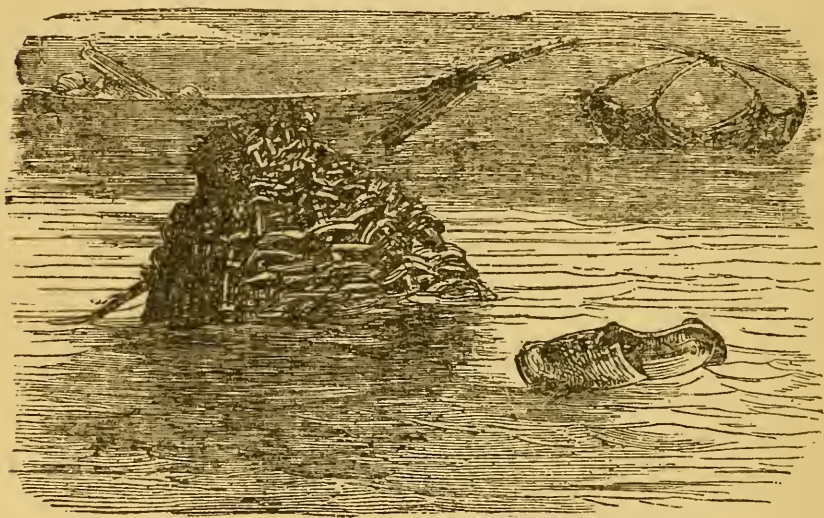
"So it is," answered the Judge, as he gazed quietly at the light.

The news soon spread, and the irrepressible Bug was soon at him.

"'Pride goeth before a fall.' Gaze on the discomfited navigator, will you! What in thunder are you lounging around here for, my brave old tar? You are two hundred miles out at sea. Well I hope you'll try and reach Rotterdam a day or two after we get there."

Late that night, we saw a line of lights, just at the surface of the water, apparently, and twinkling away with wonderful clearness; these, we were informed,

marked the historical little English town of Hastings. We awoke to find ourselves in the English Channel, but not yet in sight of land; although numerous sea-gulls, vessels, and floating bits of land substances assured us that it was not far distant. A delightful, warm morning.



A GEM OF SCENERY OFF THE DUTCH COAST.

and scarcely a ripple on the surface of the much-dreaded channel.

“What magnificent water for a shell-race!” remarked the Object, as he thought of the billows at Springfield, in ’77.

As Bug came on deck, he sniffed the air with an appearance of great disappointment, and snorted out, with assumed violent indignation:

“What they givin’ us? This ain’t no different from

American climate. Gimme a breath o' good old English air!"

After this grammatical and elegant speech, he rushed off, and soon his slender form was seen in the rigging, where he and Handsome had climbed in hopes of descrying land. At last, as we neared the land, we gazed with increasing interest at the dykes and flat, low country lying under water; or, more exactly, below the level of the sea, and only remaining land from the fact of the existence of the dykes. Numerous quaint old windmills dotted the landscape as far as we could see, and brought forcibly to mind the fierce onslaught of the gallant Don Quixote. The country was as level as though some giant's roller had been at work upon it.

The first remark on Holland was made by the Object, and gave evidence of a striking depth of thought:

"What a paradise for base-ball nines and rifle teams," he whispered, in ecstasy, as he gazed over the level expanse.

We approached Helvoord Sluis, a quaint and quiet little town, which, as seen in the distance, appeared one mass of roofs, the remaining portions of the buildings being hidden, on account of their low level. The greater number of the roofs was red, from the color of the tiling so universally used instead of shingles, and which is either red or a dingy mud-color. Our arrival created a great sensation among the inhabitants, who clattered along in huge "wooden shoon," and swarmed on the town's one and

only wharf. Shortly, two graceful creatures, whose joint weight would have "knocked spots out of" five hundred pounds, tripped into an affair somewhat resembling a boat, and were carefully put alongside, precisely where the escaping steam, at intervals, poured out in a dense cloud. All was serene until they came exactly opposite the vent-hole, when, suddenly, a cloud fizzed out, completely enveloping them, and they stormed and (probably) swore at their gondolier, until the air was fairly blue with Dutch sulphur. They had large baskets of gooseberries, which were sold with lightning rapidity to our eager party; and the Object put himself outside of a full quart, for which he paid fifteen cents, United States coin, and was boasting about his bargain, when he was suddenly checked by the information that he had paid just five times what the others had for the same quantity. Handsome said they made him think of the Vassar girl who, while eating her first gooseberries, gushed, "O-um-um! *Wouldn't* I like to see the dear old goose that laid these berries!"

We left the S \* \* \*, cheering and cheered, and had a few moments of most intense pleasure in simply feeling *terra firma* once more under our feet. Our eventful voyage was a thing of the past.

---

### III.

#### HOLLAND AND THE DUTCHMEN.

As we darted along the smooth canal, with banks of woven wicker-work, and with dense rows of osiers growing in the water as a protection to the banks, we were charmed by scene after scene of prosperous, comfortable, homely, Dutch life. Built beside our canal were neat little cottages, surrounded entirely by hedges of magnificent growth, with trees at regular intervals in their luxuriance. The gardens were brilliancy itself, with hollyhocks and other peculiarly Dutch flowers; and some of the more pretentious cottages had massive carved doors, with marvels of brass-work above them. The people who hurried to see us pass by impressed us very favorably with their honest, pleasant faces of the same general type—swarthy complexions, low foreheads, and prominent cheek-bones. The females of all ages—from the venerable and bent granddame to the little maiden not nearly in her 'teens—were at work, knitting, sewing, knitting; their deft fingers and flashing needles flying fast, but not one giving any but an occasional glance at their work, but trusting merely to long practice and an educated sense of touch. Almost every old lady among them looked benignly upon us from the depths of an

enormous white lace cap, with large flaps, and adorned with curious ornaments of gold and silver—some of immense size and hideous shapes—fitting in at the sides of the head, just above the ears. These, we learned, rejoice in the euphonious name of “hoofdijzers,” and are purchased as soon as a family grows wealthy enough to buy them; then they are handed down from generation to generation, and are prized far beyond their intrinsic worth.

Not one bare-footed person did we see during our stay in Holland, and it must be admitted that the huge shoon are a wonderful improvement upon the summer layer of mother earth, so frequently made use of as the sole foot-covering by the people at home who correspond to these peasants.

Along the roads we saw old, lumbering wagons of all colors, green being the favorite, and of queer, fantastical shapes, with wonderful curves and points. Not a trace of a fence—ditches entirely performing their services—and the fields were in a state of high cultivation, and the cool breezes of evening wafted to our nostrils the delicious perfume of newly-mown hay. “Windmills, luxuriant crops, ditches, cattle (always the famous black-and-white Holsteins, as any other color or breed is considered inferior), all bounded by dykes, and at the mercy of any playful crustacean who might take it into his head to bore through the dykes”—such was the description the Cyclops wrote before the hieroglyphics, “= rural Holland.”

Now and then we saw a *man*, harnessed to a canal-boat, and toiling along all bunched up; yet looking the picture of contentment as he slowly puffed at his long pipe. Long lines of beautiful trees, with tall, slender trunks, and dark, thick foliage, marked ditches or canals, and relieved the monotony of the scene.

Bug and the Object lay in the bow of our little river steamer, singing and watching the shores, the rest of the eight around them, while the majority of the English and Americans on board were below drinking gin, and not catching a glimpse of the strange scenery. After we had made several stops, and had had opportunities of observing any striking peculiarities of the people, our attention was attracted to the children, who were a healthy, hardy crowd of youngsters, with a most robust and chunky cut of nether extremities; we scarcely saw one young girl without the accompaniment of shapeless, eminently *Dutch*, calves. One in particular had a very slender figure, but the same orthodox supports of wonderful circumference. She was pointed out to the great Object, who at once explained the incongruity with:

“Don’t you know how she got those? Why, haulin’ canal boats, ’course!”

We passed Schiedam, of schnapps fame, and at last reached Rotterdam, and hurried to our hotel, where we ordered a supper, whose variety and quantity nearly drove the phlegmatic hotel-keeper distracted. Our advent caused a panic in the lodging department of the estab-



THE LARDER DEPLETED—PANIC, CONFUSION AND RUIN AT THE  
LEIJGRAAF.

lishment, and, as seven beds were the greatest number that could be provided for us, one of us utilized the floor; but it proved his benefit rather than misfortune, as the beds were in every case so short that it was an absolute necessity to tie one's self up in a double bow-knot, or allow one's feet to dangle over the foot-board. The doors of our rooms could not be persuaded to be shut, and, if we could have closed them, the locks would not work—most convincing proofs of Dutch confidence in honesty.

Rotterdam, aside from its affording us means of observing Dutch city life, customs, and architecture, presented nothing to particularly interest us; and so we spent our spare moments in visiting the shipping, and getting most wofully cheated in our exchange.

Then came the Hague, which we found a very lively city, with shop-windows as bright as those of New York;

and streets thronged with people, and with an occasional cart, generally of large size, but with a motive power consisting of a diminutive cur, whose lazy owner merely steered the vehicle.

Accordingly, at our regular, frugal, Dutch breakfast of rolls, cheese, tea, coffee, or chocolate, and horse-flesh sausages, the Cyclops inquired of the waiter if we could order *à la carte*; and, being informed that we could, gave his order, and then quietly remarked to us:

"These horse-flesh sausages are delicious, but I'll tell you the immense thing to have *à la cart(e)* in this country."

"What is it?" asked as one man the unsuspecting eight.

"Dog," replied the sad wag, as he kept his weather-eye open for any missiles that might take him unawares.

Not to be outdone in his own peculiar line, the Object perpetrated, there and then, the most ghastly conundrum that it was the misfortune of the tramps to hear during their long companionship, and so elaborate an one as to require considerable explanation.

Now, opposite us at table had been sitting a Jew of most robust appearance and abnormal appetite—even eclipsing the Cyclops, as he had demolished almost one-half of a fresh Dutch cheese, or Kas (pronounced case.) So, after he had left the table, the Object sat for a few moments evidently deep in some process of abstruse reasoning.

"Look out, boys," said the observant Nancy, "something is to be thrown by the pensive Object, there."

"We are prepared for any shock," replied the Judge.

"All right, then," quoth the Object. "What is the difference between a cheese that a healthy Jew has just eaten, and a ruby nestling in its velvet-lined casket? Too

poetical for you? Well, one is a Kās in a well Jew, and the other is a jew-el in a case!!"

As he concluded, he sank on the floor in a dead faint, and the Parson muttered, as he tried to bring him to by pouring the contents of his own milk-pitcher upon his head:



HOLLAND DRAUGHT HORSE.

"This is the sad fate of a punster who is not satisfied with his own language, but must needs seek another to enlarge his field of action."

We attended the largest Protestant church in the Hague; but, because of arriving late, were, in company with other like unfortunates, barred out from the congregation of saints who had been on time. The collectors of contributions, however, condescended to come into our midst, through the gates (*which they carefully locked*

*after them*), to present a black bag on a pole for our contributions—which same they didn't get!

On the following morning, under the guidance of a genial old professor from Leyden, a distant relative of Nancy's, we started out to "do" the city. We passed all through the Binnenhof, or old court-yard, now surrounded by courts of justice, etc., and once a perfect fortification, and entered only by gates, now of very moldered appearance, but with the portcullis pulleys still hanging on them. Thence to the art museum, where Rembrandt's "Anatomical Study" and Paul Potter's "Bull" especially interested us. Some of us, who had been through the ordeal of visiting picture-galleries in all the cities of Europe we had been in, strongly urged upon the party the advisability of almost totally ignoring all but the greatest masterpieces, and of attempting to carry away no remembrance of any but them, but to study these few with close attention, and make certain of them. We found afterwards that this was a most excellent plan, as, otherwise, one has but a confused and indistinct recollection of the more celebrated among the thousands he has attempted to look at. Bug was especially taken with the "Bull," and made an elaborate sketch of this famous painting, which, in point of artistic merit, rivals the original.

Leaving the museum, we were guided through the quaint old streets, where every object was strange to us, and where we, in turn, were closely observed as remark-

able. It is, at first, so difficult to convince one's self that *he* is now the "foreigner," and not the individual who gazes at him with widely-opened eyes. The feeling is akin to that of the London lady, on her first walk in the Rue de Rivoli, who remarked :

"I will never again listen to any disparagements of the educational system of this wonderful country. Why, I actually hear little children of three or four years speaking French with the utmost fluency!"

We had not yet overcome our disgust at our own capabilities for attracting notice, so we hastened as quickly as possible to the old prison—the Dutch "Tower of London." We shuddered at the sight of horrible instruments of torture, racks, roasting-pans, thumb-screws, rollers with roughened surfaces for denuding the back of flesh, and many rude inventions of the cruelty of the bloody times in which they were made use of.

We were shown through damp and murky dungeons and torture-chambers, where were old blocks and axes that had done fearful service, of which the stains and scars upon them gave mute but eloquent testimony. Some of us experimented by placing our heads on the blocks and—horrible sensation!—having the axe brandished over us. Others got in the stocks, etc., until informed that one young fellow had been accidentally killed in like manner. We suddenly desisted. We were shown the dungeons which the two De Wits occupied when murdered by the mob, and those in which Protestant priests were once

confined. The walls were covered with rude drawings in blood, still faintly traceable, and many little inventions of the prisoners for keeping account of the days of the week, etc. One dungeon was the starving-room, where to the slow and terrible death was added a most delicate refinement of cruelty, in that the window, or rather mere opening, was directly over the kitchen, so that the wretched condemned might see and smell the savory viands that he could not taste—a very Tantalus, slightly more fortunate in that he could, at least, die. In one dungeon, upon a door opening from it into a minute apartment, was the notice:

“This is the room in which the condemned spent the last day of their lives.”

Handsome and the Poet, thinking that this referred to the small closet, instead of to the large room, as a whole, entered, and requested that the notice-bearing door be tightly closed, in order that they might try a further experiment on their feelings, as they had done on the block. Accordingly, they were shut in, in utter darkness, and allowed their blood to curdle with horror for some moments; the rest of us, outside, having been meanwhile informed that the apartment in which they were closed had been simply a filthy receptacle of refuse matter, their reappearance was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and congratulation.

After the prison, the satin-covered walls, statuary, and rich frescoes of the king's palace interested us, and,

on the following day, we visited Chevingingen, the Brighton of Holland. The road thither winds through trees, making a complete arbor for the greater part of the way—four rows of tall, full-foliaged shade-trees, at regular intervals and in perfect lines—and by residences whose grounds were fine exhibitions of the effects of color-gardening, for which the Dutch are so justly famous.

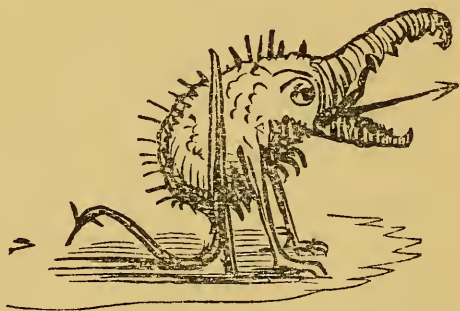
Chevingingen is very much like the ordinary sea-side resort, in an abundance of large hotels, stores, and charges, and small cafés and shows. The beach is very fine; the surf moderately high, and of a yellowish tinge from the shallowness of the water for a long distance from shore; the sands are covered with hundreds of huge, wicker-work chairs, with tops extending out some distance as protection from the sun. The scene made one think of a gigantic colony of ants running about from ant-hill to ant-hill, so numerous were the people, and so clumsily-shaped these large chairs.

We bathed in the North Sea, and returned to the Hague by gondola—so-called—running along, all in the shade, beside mansions, parks and grass-plots.

In the evening we attended a concert by the king's band in the Zoological Gardens. It was very largely attended and we had an opportunity of seeing Hollanders of almost all classes, gathered together in one large assembly. We glanced at the large collection of animals, but, when we were near any cage, the *other* animals received but little attention, as we were, as usual, quite

the attraction for the Dutchmen. Our cropped heads, walking costume, heavy shoes, Bug's sun-burned shirt, Handsome's "ta-ta hat," and the beards of Nancy and the rest of us were voted the causes of the sensation.

Next morning the Object took affidavit that, as he glanced in the mirror to view his beard, he turned around quickly to see who that cross between a gorilla and a state's prison convict was that was reflected there; he was surprised to find no one besides himself in the room, and so made a low bow and agreed to think himself very handsome.



SWEET SPIRIT OF THE OBJECT'S  
DREAMS IN HOLLAND.

Our party is now, by agreement, "the traveling menagerie," and new objects of interest are daily being added. The Parson has blossomed out in new Dutch linen shirts and white cravats, and looks very much the waiter.

Still we were obliged to yield the palm to the Zoo. at Amsterdam, whither we walked from the Hague; there, on a Sunday, after a walk through the celebrated Jew quarter, we reached the Café Neuf for dinner, and, on asking leave to wash our hands, were shown into a room furnished with the whitest of Dutch linen curtains and bed-hangings. The Cyclops was in a state of great agitation as to how he could improve the appearance of his

shoes, which were exceedingly dusty; finally settled the question by wiping them with the bed-curtains—the vandal! Nancy would not notice him for the rest of the day.

The Poet and the Cyclops, while strolling through the streets one evening, were attracted by the sign, “Ys, GLACE,” which they conjectured to mean ice-cream, and entered the café, and ordered some “plombiere.” They were brought a small wine-glass, containing a moderate spoonful of ice-cream with some preserved plums mixed in it; an enormous spoon and a vast expanse of plate with scalloped edges were part of the service. One short assault exhausted the plombiere, and they paid their Holland cents and left, disgusted with Dutch ideas of quantity.

We visited the old palace, where the king still spends a short time every year; we entered (fee), accompanied by an officious beadle (fee); we climbed to the top of the tower (fee); another pointed out (fee!) the various points of interest in the view; another of nature’s own noblemen conducted us through the rooms of the palace (fee). The walls were of marble, exquisitely carved, and adorned with tapestries, satins, and paintings. Some of the paintings represented sculptures, and a painted continuation of a sculptured marble frieze was so minutely perfect that it required the closest examination to convince us that we had been wrong in contradicting the Judge when he had asserted that it was canvas. and not

marble. We entered the throne-hall, where was a large, velvet-covered, and silk-embroidered throne, on a raised platform of marble. Thence we were conducted to the ball-room, with its ceiling one hundred feet high, and, while the rest of the party were being conducted from this room, the Object noiselessly stole back to the throne-room. He had determined to have a brief "sit on" the royal throne, and he had watched his opportunity as the guide (who had carefully guarded the throne, and was still keeping watch over all ambitious sitters), had momentarily turned his back to unlock the door out of the grand saloon. So he rushed to the throne, and, bouncing upon it, made a royal gesture of command, then hurried out at full speed, to come into direct collision with the Cyclops at the door. He, too, had the same insane intention, and got through his part of the programme just in time; for the attendant was rushing fiercely toward the throne-room when he had discovered our hero's absence, and—met him coming out, with an innocent and childlike smile upon his bearded face. The two monarchs had congratulatory hand shakes, and condescended to accompany the plebeian tramps to the Rijks Museum, where were some masterpieces of Dutch art, the chief being Rembrandt's "Night-watch," and Van der Helst's "Stahlmeisters."

After a thorough appreciation of minor sights in Amsterdam, the tramps took their first long railroad ride as yet, directly to Cologne. At one of the small stations

before we entered Germany, Nancy left us to procure some refreshment, and the doors were being locked, as is usual in the cross-sectioned cars of Europe, just before the train starts, and still he appeared not. We endeavored to explain to the porter, but he did not understand us, and we were locked in, and the train was started, just as we saw Nancy, with flying garments and woe-begone countenance, rush wildly from the station. Three heartless tramps thrust their heads out at one window, and advised him to "hitch on behind! Run alongside! Telegraph yourself to the next station!" And, although we all felt sorry for Nancy's mishap, yet, knowing that he could take a train shortly after our own, we were inclined to picture the plight of the most fastidious, punctual, and sensitive tramp of all—the victim of his own rashness, alone and ignorant of any word of Dutch but "Kas," and not sure of that.

But a sudden retribution was dealt to us for our hard-hearted merriment. We had been particularly fortunate in having just the number, eight, to occupy every seat in a compartment, and so were safe from all intrusion, when united. But now, at the next station, a huge German woman with a shrilly-squalling babe was thrust in by the guard for our companion to Cologne, *vice* Nancy, left behind.

---

## IV.

### COLOGNE AND COLOGNE.



GUTEN APPETIT.

As we wandered along the streets of Cologne, in search of our German inn, we could not but notice the universal politeness; those of whom we made any inquiries touched their hats as we addressed them, and gentlemen in the street, meeting acquaintances, uncovered. We found our host of the "Billstein" most scrupulously polite, and, after procuring our rooms, we gave our orders for supper, and seated ourselves to wait for it.

As it was about to be served, mine host approached, and, bowing, wished us "Guten Appetit" (Good appetite), to which Bug, Handsome, and the Parson, in turn, replied, with great cordiality and smiling blandness, "Gute Nacht, mein Herr, Gute Nacht!" (Good-night, sir, good-night!), mistaking his greeting for Gute Nacht, as they had never heard of such a thing as the reality, and thought that the man was about to retire for the night.

He evidently had not any such intention, and, with a puzzled expression on his face, abandoned his attempts to do the honors, and sauntered to the other end of the room. Our linguists were quite astonished, on returning at a very late hour, to find our polite host still up. We ordered some milk, and it was brought to us boiled, which aroused great wonder in the Parson, who cried out:

“Why, they have their milk, here, boiling hot!”

Whereat the Poet exclaimed:

“That’s just as I like it. It is delicious fresh from the cow.”

“But you don’t understand, my boy; this is fresh from the stove.”

“Oh,” said Bug, “were you not aware that there is nothing like a good, German milk-stove for a big yield?”

After a night of indescribable anguish under the celebrated German feather-bed, we sallied forth, eager for “sights.”

Of course, we first visited the grand Gothic cathedral, to the fame of whose beauty, symmetry and grandeur my poor pen could not make the most trifling addition. In the interior, the tomb of the three magi especially interested Bug, who, skeptical on the subject of the genuineness of the bones therein, insisted upon speaking of it as the “tomb of the three magicians.” The Object, while gazing at the vast quantities of stained glass, both ancient and modern, and the mighty Gothic lining of the nave and transept, suddenly caught sight of a young lady

acquaintance from Hartford; so he held a consultation with the tramps as to the advisability of accosting her, being painfully conscious, the while, of his barbarian-like, scraggy beard, his knickerbockers, and his general outlandish appearance. Finally, he decided to "be manly, and not care *how* he looked," so the tramps scattered, and the Object addressed the lady, who "was charmed to meet him. How well he was looking, &c.!" but he, poor fellow, already slightly embarrassed, was perfectly dismayed, on casting his eyes in one direction, to see Bug peeping cautiously from behind a pillar for a view of his charmer, the first stylish lady we had seen since leaving New York. Continuing his conversation with difficulty, he looked in another direction, and just caught sight of Cyclops as he dodged behind another pillar; and met directly the eyes of Handsome, who was in the act of stealing a look from the other side of the same pillar. Distressed lest his friend should notice the rudeness, he scowled like a pirate at the faces of all the tramps but one—the never-self-forgetting Judge—as, one after another, they appeared from behind all the pillars that afforded a good view. Shocked that they should have so far lost control of themselves, out of a pure hunger for the sight of a pretty American face, he was obliged to hastily excuse himself, to pour forth the vials of his wrath upon their heads. To his burst of indignation, the scornful Nancy replied:

"Now, don't you flatter yourself, young man, that we were looking at that young lady of yours!"

"Well, what *were* you doing, I should like to know?" stormed the Object.

"Why, my excited young fellow, we couldn't get near enough to take what can be called a look; but I will confess that we were trying to find the Judge, and borrow his field-glasses, so that we *could* look at her."

We entered a shop opposite the cathedral, in order to make the usual purchases of eau de Cologne, and, finding the proprietor quite talkative, proceeded to seek information on the much agitated Johann Maria Farina question. Bug opened with:



"Your name is Johann Maria Farina, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir—the only genuine!"

"And what was your father's name," asked the Judge.

"Johann Maria Farina, the only genuine."

"And your grandfather's?"

"The same, sir."

"How about your son?"

"Oh, his name was Johann Maria Farina, too."

"And your grandson?" gasped the Object.

"I haf no grandson, but if I hat a grandson——"

"His name would be?"

"Johann Maria Farina, the only genuine!"

"THE ONLY GENUINE  
FARINA."

"Have pity on me," said the Parson, "and let me now buy my cologne in peace."

"Just one more," desperately exclaimed the Cyclops. "How many families claim to be the genuine Farina progeny, and have the original recipe?"

"Oh, dey has been having some law-suits for a few hundred years, and now dey has only about twenty-three of us left; but dey has no doubt about it. *I* has the only genuine Joh——"

But we had fled, and the dreaded name fell on the empty air. Still, though we heard it not for a moment, we saw it on store after store, and Bug, unintentionally colliding with a stranger, said absent-mindedly :

"Oh, 'scuse me, Mariar!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the man.

"Oh, beg pardon, p'raps you had rather be called Johann!"

"I don't understand your insults, sir. I am neither Maria nor Johann."

"Not even Farina?" said Bug, in tones of the greatest amazement.

"No, sir," said the stranger, angrily. "My name is Smith, sir, Smith, from Boston."

"Is it possible? I humbly beg your pardon, Mr. Smith, but we are in Cologne, you see. Forgive me, I beg of you."

Mr. Smith appeased, we wended our way toward the chapel of St. Ursula, where her bones and those of her

ten thousand virgins are exhibited, under glass cases, in the walls, in the ceiling—everywhere; but, unfortunately, said bones are, according to an eminent scientist, almost wholly those of cattle, sheep, etc.

“It is a great pity,” lamented the Judge, “that being the case, that some enterprising American don’t buy up the concern, and turn it into a manufactory of fertilizers.”

Handsome and the Object crossed the Rhine to Deutz, where they took a swim in the river. The current was very swift, and it was almost an impossibility to swim against it, but a very pleasant amusement to dive, and be carried along with such startling rapidity.

At our last meal in Cologne, Bug had the ill-fortune to break the back of a mahogany chair, and, after long and deep reflection upon his melancholy situation, he decided to call the landlord. On his appearance, Bug delivered himself of the following, mine host, it being held in mind, not understanding the first word of English:

“Mein Herr, Ich habe dieser Stuhle—a—*gebracht*—a-a-LEANING BACK (this with a grandly expressive gesture) a-a-*against the wall*!! A-a-es thut mir Leid.”

We walked from Cologne to Bonn, which we reached in the early evening, and, settling ourselves at the “Gasthof zum Schwanen,” we were charmed to find a hostess who most forcibly resembled the picture, “La Belle Chocolatiere.”

At Bonn, in a heavy rain, we made our pilgrimage to the graves of Niebuhr and Schumann, and were appro-

privately melancholy all day, until the weather became pleasant, and we learned that there was to be a grand fête given by the university students, that evening, in celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the university.

Some American friends of the Parson's, who were studying there, gave us some very interesting information in regard to the student customs, and, as we walked through the streets, we met numbers of students wearing caps of peculiar colors and shapes, the insignia of various corps. One corps was termed "the fighting corps," as duel-fighting was its chief basis of organization; but students of all corps fight, as we saw numbers with scars, of which they appeared to be very proud. In "the fighting corps," however, if there have been, for some time, no duels with outsiders, in order to enliven affairs and keep up their spirits, the members draw lots to decide which two shall be matched for a "duel."

In the evening, about eight o'clock, the streets were thronged with people, and carriages rolled along, containing students in rich and elegant uniforms, a part of which was a peculiar, gold-embroidered, flat hat, about the size and shape of a pan-cake, and fastened by elastic on the corner of the head, just above the right ear. The hair was elaborately dressed and oiled, and was parted down the back. As a rule, those in carriages—presumably the officers of the different corps—were rather good-looking, but immensely corpulent, and with a touch of the self-

conscious aristocrat about them. Soon we saw the torches of the procession approaching, along streets gay with flags and decorations in its honor. We watched it pass, examining the faces closely, and, with characteristic modesty, deciding the crowd, in appearance at least, vastly inferior to an American college crowd. Scars and eye-glasses were especially abundant.

Proceeding to the Poppelsdorf Avenue, an elegant boulevard in the outskirts of the town, where speeches and faint cheering were indulged in, the procession turned to the market place, before the Rathhaus. The Poet and the Object pleaded in vain to ascend the steps of the Rathhaus, in order to get a good view ; but, notwithstanding their representing themselves as American students, etc., the guards stationed in front of the building were inexorable, and we saw one of them "yank" a small boy, of about fifteen years, some ten yards, for presuming to come too near his highness. Military rule! The procession formed completely around the large market-place, and the band struck up *Gaudeamus*, with a very feeble attempt at singing on the part of the students. On the whole, they were remarkably quiet and stupid, manifesting none of the uproarious enthusiasm and jollity of a Yale crowd upon a similar occasion.

*Gaudeamus* sounded familiar and home-like, except that our imported version has been changed slightly, and by no means improved, in its music. After the rendering, all the torches were hurled at once into the middle



IN THE WEE SMA' HOURS AT BONN.

of the square, and a number of red lights were burned at different places around. The whole scene was a remarkably beautiful and romantic glimpse of German student festivities. After the last fiery scene, the students adjourned, as one man, to Beethoven Hall, to drink beer all night long, we were informed.

The Judge and the Cyclops are great smokers, and each considers himself a capital judge of a cigar.

While in Amsterdam, the former had purchased a box of cigars at a ridiculously low figure—about seventy-five cents (U. S.) for the box; the Judge, also, had purchased some, at a slightly higher price, but still for a very small amount. The result was that each deemed his own delicious, and equal to the choicest Havanas, but pronounced the other's very poor indeed; so the Judge swore that Cyclops was no judge, and the Cyclops declared that the Judge's organs of taste had become so callous from constant smoking, that he could not, with his eyes shut, tell whether his cigar was lighted or not, much less could he distinguish between a fine and a poor cigar. They were continually exchanging, in order to have the pleasure of saying, "Now you'll find *that* a first-class one, my boy; such a pleasant change from your own, etc." So the Cyclops finally became a little nettled and confided to several of us that he was going to test the Judge a little, in the following way. He proposed to keep the next cigar the Judge offered him, smoking one of his own in its place, and then present the Judge with the same cigar as though one from his (Cyclops') box, then ask him his opinion of *that* cigar. Knowing that the Judge would be sure to condemn any cigar which he imagined was one of the Cyclops' "ten for a pfennig lot," as he termed them, we determined to utilize this favorable opportunity of making each of the smokers contribute his share to the general amusement fund of the eight. So we approached the Judge with:

"Now, Judge, we are all disgusted with the airs the Cyclops is putting on, about those tobies of his, so we want you to play a good joke on him, by keeping the next cigar he offers you, and returning it to him, at your next opportunity, as one of your own."

"Good scheme," said the Judge. "I'll do it."

So the next time the two exchanged, each, without the other's being aware of it, secreted the cigar given him, and smoked one of his own. The *denouement* came after our return to the Schwan, when we sat around talking, and Cyclops winked at us, and pulled forth *the* cigar, saying:

"Come, Judge, do enjoy yourself for a few moments, and smoke one of my cigars."

"All right, if you will smoke one of mine," said the Judge, also glancing knowingly at the tramps, who, with difficulty, composed themselves, and awaited the crash.

"Come now, Judge, confess? What do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't want to offend you, but I must say that this is the rankest, most tobacco-less thing that I have put in my lips since——"

"That unfresh egg on board the steamer?" suggested Bug.

"No," said the Judge scornfully; "since I smoked the last cigar the Cyclops gave me."

"Is that so?" chuckled the Cyclops, as his face fairly beamed with mischievous satisfaction. "Well, as it must

be disagreeable for you to smoke it, and as I assure you that, were it not for the insult I should proffer you by so doing, I would throw this filthy weed away—suppose we agree to throw both cigars away, and neither of us feel offended.”

The Judge, of course, agreed at once, laughing in his sleeve at the success of *his* scheme, and bestowing many knowing winks upon us.

The weeds were tossed away, and the Cyclops, catching his breath first, half convulsed with laughter, shrieked:

“Do you know what you have done?”

“No, but *you* have just thrown away one of your own precious cigars, my boy,” replied the calm, but triumphant Judge.

“What!” said the Cyclops, in tones of thunder.

The rest of the tramps could restrain themselves no longer, and the Object, who was the first to recover from his mirth, said:

“Go and hide yourselves in bed, my connoisseurs, both of you, and dream of cabbages and nicotine! You have both been smoking your own cigars.”

And they went in haste—we heard no more of the cigar controversy.

On the following morning, we started for a climb up the hill to the old church at Kreutzberg. A brisk walk through the paved streets of Bonn and the skirting villages soon brought us to our destination, where we had a good view of the Rhine. the Sebengebirge (or

Seven Mountains), with the Drachenfels prominent in their midst, and a clear sight of the grand Dom of Cologne in the distance. The fields all around us appeared in a state of careful and successful cultivation; there were no fences, and but few trees, widely scattered, and almost every square inch of land seemed to be doing service. The combinations and contrasts of colors deserved admiring notice; as every shade, from dark-green, through yellow, to dark-brown, was displayed in the unripe, ripening, and ripened crops of all varieties, and in the ploughed or stubble-covered fields.

The quaint little church at the crest of the hill contained what were reputed to be the self-same marble steps which the Saviour ascended when on his way to Pilate, now the sacred objects of veneration to numbers of pilgrims, who are permitted to ascend them on the knees. Several mummified monks presented a most ghastly spectacle.

Passing several weather-beaten shrines, we retraced our steps to Bonn, and, passing through the extensive grounds of the university to a parapet over the Rhine and commanding a pleasant view, we dined there, in the open air, with the winding Rhine beneath, and the Drachenfels before us.

We scraped acquaintance with a jovial old Hollander, who informed us that all men of his nationality were "frei und blei," and who sang a number of college songs for us, in Latin and German; he laid claim to the com-

position of one of them, when he was at college at Utrecht.

Bug was in his element, in struggling with a conversation in his usual German, the striking feature of which is the utter devil-may-care way in which he assaults endings. Whether e, er, es, or anything else, it is all mere bagatelle to our linguist, who finishes a most extraordinary conglomeration of English, German, and Chinese, with an air of the greatest satisfaction and appreciation. Speaking of some of the German student songs, he remarked to our frei und blei Hollander :

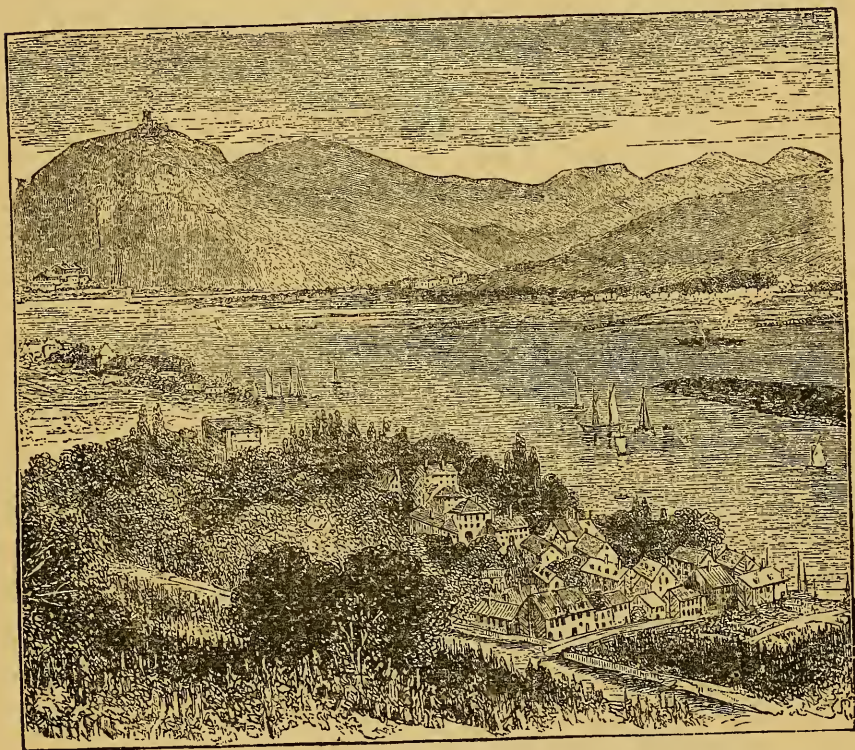
“Wir haben the same songs—a—derselber songs (verstehen Sie?) in America—a—a—*der-selber Leid!*” Which last can be rendered “the same injury”—as well as it can anything else.

The Parson and the Judge departed for Drachenfels, in advance, on the Rhine boat, and, as we paid our bills, we were amused to hear la belle chocolatiere speak of the Judge—whom we consider very good-looking, with his raven locks and moustache, dark skin, and deep-brown eyes—as “the black man.”

We set forth, once more, on foot, after crossing the Rhine on a flying bridge—so-called—which consists of a ferry-boat, at one end of a strong cable, whose other extremity is made fast, at some distance up stream, to a firmly-anchored buoy. The cable is supported, at intervals, by buoys consisting of small boats, until it is connected to the ferry-boat. So that the only propelling forces are

the tension of the cable and the force of the current, aided by skillful steering.

We were entering upon the most beautiful part of the Rhine, beginning at Beuel and extending as far as



VIEW ON THE RHINE, NEAR MAYENCE.

Mayence. We trudged along towards Drachenfels, through orchards, fruitful fields, and pleasant, shady roads, hard and smooth, and now meandering beside the river, now turning slightly aside and bordered by elegant summer residences, with landscape-gardened grounds

adorned with statuary. On to Koenigswinter, at the foot of the Drachenfels, where we dined in regular German style, and halted, for our mid-day rest, under the cool lindens.

As soon as we had left Beuel, the sentimental Poet had stumbled upon Byron's—

“ The castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine,  
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see  
 With double joy, wert *thou* with me.”

So we all determined to memorize the lines. It was very pleasant at first, and we heard each other recite them individually; then divided into threes, and recited them in unison; finally all together, with a fine of a mark for any one who should make a mistake, shouted in unison:

“ The CAS'tled CRAG' of DRACH'enFELS'  
 Frowns O'ER' the WIDE' and WIND'ing RHINE'," etc.

The unfortunate Bug, rendering it, “ The crastled cag of Drachenfels,” instead of “ The castled crag,” etc., was mulcted two marks, for the common treasury.

By the time we had reached the foot of the hill, we were so utterly sick of the sound of the lines, that any

further attempt at declaiming them was immediately silenced by dismal groans.

We toiled up, in this our first climb of any importance, manfully having resisted all proffers of donkeys—except that most of us were entrapped by a smiling female who crowned us with garlands of oak leaves, so hastily put together that they were in pieces before we were out of her sight.

The Poet was perfectly happy when he saw her, as he now had, he said, “a breathing illustration of the charming lines:

‘And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers  
Walk smiling o’er this paradise—’ ”

“Pity he didn’t say anything about those same hands, dirty, and eager for pfennigs, and he might have added:

““And donkeys, ever on the rise,  
Waltz smiling up this paradise,’ ”

said Handsome.

The Cyclops, as usual, kept in the dim distance behind us, with characteristic modesty, which never allows him to put himself forward any more than possible; he says that his motto is, “Lots of time,” which, to say nothing of its elegance, is very expressive.

“Yes,” replied the Object, “lots of times have I seen you rushing to chapel, at college, eating, as you ran, a



“LOTS OF TIME.”

biscuit, an apple—anything. You had, evidently, been acting upon your most excellent motto, and were enjoying a flying breakfast in consequence.”

“True,” answered the philosophic Cyclops. “But did you ever see me late?”

“No, I can’t say that I did.”

“Ergo, I *had* lots of time—to get to chapel in!”

Finally, however, he got so far behind us that we could not see him at all; so the other tramps sat on a seat cut in the rock, and chirped, on the inspiration of the moment:

“Only waiting till the Cyclops cometh up the Drachenfe-els,  
Till he passeth by the donkeys ridden by the British swe-els!”

(*To the air of “Only Waiting.”*)

He came, with a broad smile on his face, and we passed on to the ruins of the old castle at the summit. We drank in the charming scene, with eager eyes, both surprised at its extent and delighted with its beauty, although we were “forcibly reminded, you know, of those sweet lines, by Byron, I believe, ‘The castled crag,’” etc., etc.

We had several companions, among whom was an

exceedingly unprepossessing young German girl, in "low neck and short sleeves."

The enthusiastic Poet, with his usual taste in the female line, burst out :

"How I would like to kiss her, boys !"

"Ugh, you can't mean it," said the Object. "Why, she is so homely that she would actually stop a clock."

"Well, I know she is homely ; but she is bright, and—and—*and pretty*," sputtered the Poet, at loss for an adjective, and hitting upon one most strangely contradictory to his first one.

We went bounding down the mountain, "from precip'ice to precip'ice," as a friend of ours pronounced it, in giving a description of the chamois ; and could scarcely check ourselves until we reached moderately level ground, where we turned for a last view of the romantic old ruin.

We wandered along the Rhine, until we came to a sort of jetty, where the force of the current was somewhat lessened, making a swimming-place too tempting to be passed by untried ; so we inquired if we could swim there, and, receiving an affirmative answer, stripped and plunged in. But not until we had attracted, as spectators, some fifty women and maidens, who looked intently on with perfect indifference, much to our embarrassment. Attributing it, as we did everything we could not explain, to "the custom of the country," we hastily put on our clothing, and sauntered on in the cool of the evening to

the floating bridge, where we were to cross over to Rolandsieck.

By a happy chance, we met the Judge and the Parson on the ferry, and, crossing over, found a moderate hotel, with a large hall near it, in which was a very good orchestrion. Bug, Handsome, and the Object strolled in, and were enjoying their stein-krüge and the music, when Bug, "the dancing and acquaintance-forming fiend," suddenly rose, and walked toward a party seated in the opposite corner of the room. It was, apparently, a sort of convivial family party, as the ladies' ages varied from somewhere around eighty to the neighborhood of ten, and the men were likewise of all ages. They were all drinking quantities of red wine, and, while the orchestrion gave forth its dulcet strains, some of them danced; while, in the intervals of its silence, they sang—most abominably.

Notwithstanding all this, the brazen-faced Bug flourished in front of a buxom damsel, at the beginning of a polka, and actually succeeded in making her understand that he desired to dance with her, and, further, in gaining her consent. She rose; he encircled her waist; she gave him a hitch with her muscular arms that made him think he had waltzed his last waltz, and was *en route* for the ceiling, when, fortunately for him, the damsel became disgusted with his dancing, and stopped. Bug's face was a tide of crimson at this first failure, but he escorted her to a seat, and was bravely attempting to

enter into conversation with her, when up came a huge German, and, scowling at him, hurried off the maiden. The pair joined in the dance, and whirled off, taking tremendous bounds and annihilating distance in a fearful and wonderful manner, one standing almost still, and the other racing around as if on a pivot, then alternating. Bug gazed a long while, and then, coming slowly and sadly toward his companions, resumed his seat; but not a word did he utter until the Cyclops, coming in, asked:

“What is the trouble, Bug? Whence this melancholy?”

“Oh, nothing! I tried to dance and—I flunked.”

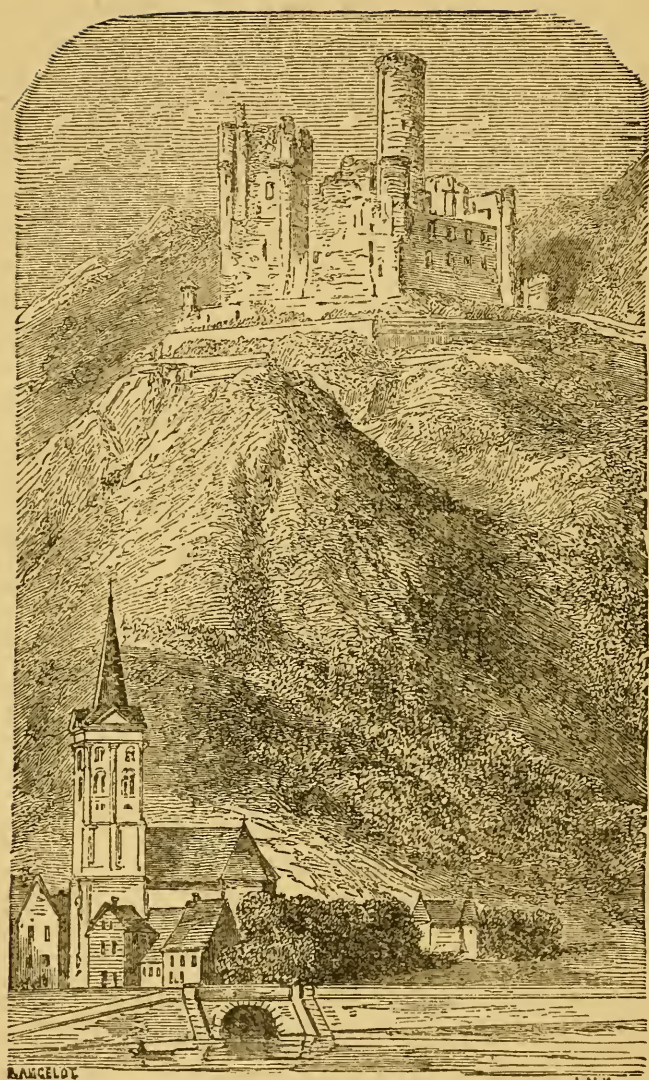
Then muttering something like, “That ole drum in the orchestrion always did make me laugh!” he seized his hat, and rushed off to ensconce himself between his two little feather-beds. The Cyclops and the Object astonished the aborigines by a waltz together, Cyclops dancing lady very nicely, and then we all followed the crest-fallen Bug.



## V.

### WE AHR OURSELVES.

WE arose with the chicken, and *started* for Roland-sieck Castle, where Roland died of love, because his sweetheart, who had heard false news of his death, had,



RHINE CASTLE.

in consequence, entered a convent and couldn't get out, which is a very long story in a very few words! We

started, I say, for we wandered and wandered, under the Parson's efficient guidance, and climbed and scrambled, and scrambled and climbed, but did not seem to get there. At last we saw a cleared space ahead.

"Ah," said the Parson, "here it is at last," whereat, finding ourselves again nowhere in particular, Bug exclaimed, waving his hand majestically towards a solitary gooseberry bush and a few heads of grain:

"Behold the mighty pile!"

Again we started, the Parson saying, "Well, I am sure this is the way." Handsome replied, "Well, *I* think you are off your k-base." At which the horrified Parson, innocent of all slang, said, "WHAT!" in such a shocked and scandalized tone that it brought tears to our eyes—tears born of laughter. Finally we found the ruin, which was very much of—a ruin. On our way back to the Rhine road, we passed through the grounds of some nobleman, and went upon a terrace constructed of pieces of dark colored lava, in which were worked intricate patterns in appropriate colors—snakes, birds, trees, etc.—and underneath a gallery was supported by arches, worked in the same unique manner.

Leaving Rolandsieck behind us, we walked directly beside the river to Remagen, along the road, built almost precisely over the old Roman road constructed in the time of Germanicus and Agrippina. At the Apollinaris Kirche, a fine specimen of the purest modern German architecture, and containing some exquisite paintings, we

took a by-path leading over toward the little river Ahr. Part of the tramps took the wrong path, and walked directly in a circle, back to the Apollinaris church. They thought, just before reaching it on the return trip, that they were approaching the Ahr, and the Poet cried out, in joyous tones: "Ah, here we are, at last, at the Ahr." But great was their amazement to find themselves again at their starting-point.

When they were on the point of starting, the Judge rushed after them, and, in his calm, cold tones, informed them that they were taking the wrong path; but Bug said that he did it in such a cocky way that they were bound to keep on, if they brought up at Constantinople.

After a lively push on to Heppingen, the first village of the Ahr valley, they found the advance portion of the tramps in the garden of the one and only inn, reclining in an arbor, in different graceful attitudes, and waiting for the dinner, which they had ordered some time before. The garden was rich with pears, apricots, gooseberries, and, especially, plums; so, to the scandal of the party, Cyclops and the Object got, as the latter remarked, plum-full; but the same righteous individuals who reproved the vandalism of the two, were very readily prevailed upon to accept portions of the spoils.

After dinner we lolled around on the grass, and enjoyed ourselves, all except Nancy, who had so much fun with a poor, lone bee, that he bore the marks of its sting for some days; then we took up our canes and

packs, and went on our way to the Apollinaris mineral spring, a short distance from Heppingen. We were politely treated by one of the proprietors, who, on hearing where we hailed from, and, mayhap, led on by our judicious compliments to the excellence of the water and its popularity in America, took us through the whole gigantic establishment. The supply of water was far greater than could be utilized, although there were bottled from sixty thousand to eighty thousand bottles per day, and a great surplus stream ran down the gutter. Around the works, millions of bottles of stoneware were piled. We were taken through the vast storing and bottling rooms to the spring, which was in a basin with stone walls and floor, and stairs leading down to the bottom. Merely a large tin affair, with a great pipe issuing from it, was visible; but, on descending the stairs, the carbonic acid gas was so dense as almost to overpower several of us. As it was, our eyes "watered" and our heads ached, momentarily. We learned that a stout German had, a few days previously, been overcome at the bottom of the stairs, and that it had taken six employés to carry him up them. At last, we were invited to the office, and proffered unlimited Apollinaris water, which had a most wonderful sparkle and life, as we drank it there.

After a vote of thanks to our polite conductor, we proceeded on our weary way towards Altenahr; but along the beautiful valley of the Ahr, with the grandest and loveliest scenery before us at every moment. It sur

passed, in its wild beauty, anything we had yet seen; rough crags were capped with flourishing green vineyards on every available point; deep gorges and abrupt, rocky cliffs alternated with sunny slopes, freshly mantled with the carefully kept vines that yield the famous wines of the Ahr. Here and there were antique little towns, with crooked, dirty streets and dwellings, whose age one could but imagine. And each one, however insignificant, possessed rows of trees, stretching into the distance, far beyond the confines of the village; horse-chestnuts they were, in almost every instance, making lines of dense foliage and perfect symmetry.

In the scrupulously cultivated valley we saw no cattle grazing; for here they are entirely stall-kept, except when used for plowing, or some such service. In this glorious fatherland, we frequently saw cows toiling along before the plow, and women and girls reaping, digging, or carrying enormous loads on their heads, so that, in the distance, they looked like small hay-stacks on stilts coming slowly towards you. We hurried along, passing a party of Japanese walkers, who, we noticed, were making use of the French edition of Baedeker.

And now it becomes the faithful historian's sad duty to chronicle the backsliding of two of the tramps, who transformed themselves into swell *diligence voyageurs*; and, what was still more disgraceful, actually allowed themselves to take shelter during an infant rain storm. After the rain we saw them coming up behind us in

grand style, so we formed in two lines, one on either side of the road, doffed our hats, and in properly respectful attitudes, awaited the coming of the grandees. They heaped coals of fire on our heads by offering to relieve us of our packs; and, after inducing the weary Nancy to get in with them, the Judge thundered to their Jehu:

“Gehen Sie an! Gehen Sie an!” which injunction approaches nearly to our friend Will Shakspeare’s “Go to! Go to!” As our tortoise, the Cyclops, rushed along at his usual distance in the rear, he seemed to fairly drive the natives wild with wonder; and he did look the picture of barbarity, coatless, with his fancy shirt flaunting the air, and his Ingomar beard flying wildly around his shoulders. After being positive that each of six villages which we saw just ahead at six different times was Altenahr, and being disappointed just five several times, at the sixth trial we reached it and our pleasant little inn.

At table d’hôte next day, which, as it was Sunday, was the first meal for most of the tired tramps, were numbers of well-dressed German travelers by diligence. The Poet, while wandering through the crowd at Bonn, had remarked:

“I say, Object, have you noticed the sad number of hunchbacks we have seen this evening?”

“No,” replied he; “but I have noticed a jolly number of hunches on the opposite side of the body in this grand old Rhine-land.” And here we had them in boundless profusion, all around us; we noticed especially

one party near us, consisting of three males and two females, all marked by the circumference characteristic of Deutschland, sampling first a red Ahr wine, next a white Mosel, and finally champagne. The result of this astonishing mixture was a state which may be described as bordering upon joviality, and the elephantine grace with which these enormous creatures bounced around the garden, in an after-dinner game of "tag," was striking and amusing. In the late afternoon Bug and the Poet started on toward Walporzheimer, and just before sunset the Cyclops and the Object climbed up to Altenahr Castle, which is directly above the village, and is an old ruin upon a steep crag commanding a view almost entrancing. Sauntering up by an easy foot-path, we came to a large white cross, planted upon the highest pinnacle of the mountain, where we gazed with enthusiastic pleasure upon by far the most wild and beautiful scene of the Ahr. Far down in the valley the river lost itself in picturesque windings, and around and about it on all sides were piled mountain upon mountain, whose bold outlines made a most romantic scene. Turning reluctantly away, we scrambled down the mountain side, in the midst of a profusion of wild-flowers of unusual tints and shapes, and thickly scattered along all the by-paths.

Walking rapidly down the Ahr valley, we met frequent crowds of peasants, dusty and forlorn, and as they trudged along, they sustained a peculiar half chant, half hymn, on approaching any of the wayside shrines. Each

party appeared to be divided into two distinct portions, and, as they responsively droned their dismal service, the effect was most weird. The first party we met we thought a funeral procession, which had forgotten that superfluity, the corpse; but we met so many parties that we were led to make inquiries as to their character, and learned that all were on pilgrimages to some such Mecca as the Appolinaris or Kreutzberg churches.

Finally, we met a very high-toned party of pilgrim fathers, mothers, and children. First came a poor, raw-boned horse, struggling along the hilly road, and dragging after him a rude cart, containing full thirty returning pilgrims. Approaching a small village, we heard what sounded strangely like dancing music, and, on going nearer, found a grand peasant dance in full blast. We were somewhat inclined to go in, but hesitated on account of the rough crowd, and, as we were standing outside the door, deliberating, two unusually rough-looking peasants thrust their heads out of a window. One of them pointed at us, and laughed, and the other cried :

“Hallo, fellows! Come on in. We are in the very midst of a grand jamboree!”

At this, we discovered that our “unusually rough-looking peasants” were none other than Bug and the Poet, taking in the whole performance; so we followed their example, and watched the dance for some time, much interested in the strange contortions and gyrations of the uncouth dancers. There were one or two quite charming

Maedchen, but the majority seemed withered and prematurely old ; still Bug, with his dance-fiend assurance, took a partner, and whirled off in the dizzy maze ; but this time, we noticed, with the homeliest girl in the room, having, no doubt, a wholesome remembrance of his Rolandsieck experience, and a fear of burly rivals. We



RETURNED PILGRIMS.

stood wondering, especially, at the free way in which the wine flowed, and had quite a long conversation with one of the male participants in the revel. He informed us that most of the dancers had just returned from a long pilgrimage, and, fully conscious that they had too large an amount of sanctity on board, were trying to tone down a little by a night's revel.

At the "zum Goldenen Stern," we slept the sleep of the just, all but poor Bug, who complained that his "feet were unequal to our feats of walking," and, when we started out early next morning, limped like an old woman with the rheumatism ; but, with his usual indomitable pluck, kept on, and led the van, as we started down the road along the Ahr to Sinzig.

At breakfast, we were interrupted by a diligence-

driver coming to the door and shouting German at us in one steady stream. We all confessed our utter inability to make out any meaning from his remarks—all except the great Bug, who said, disdainfully :

“What is the matter with you, boys? Why, he is using the most simple words, and wants to know if we wish any fresh milk.”

The dismay of that eminent translator can be imagined when we afterwards learned, from some simpler sentences, that the man was merely seeking to induce us to employ him to drive us. Of course, we indignantly spurned the insulting offer, and, crossing to the right bank of the river, we were soon at Neuenahr, a watering-place of great local note. We took some warm mineral baths, and lounged around the reading-room and parlors of the large establishment for some time, then pushed on, feeling much refreshed—only to lose ourselves in a maze of paths, the one which we followed ending blind at the water’s edge.

After much puffing and wetting of feet, accompanied by mildly fretful expletives naturally to be expected, we crossed a small side stream, and, by virtue of frequent inquiries and a great waste of breath in unintelligible German, and in various other ways, we at last found a path leading us to Sinzig. To the tramps the word Sinzig, when translated, has quite an extended meaning—a miserable town, a wretched hotel, an exceedingly poor dinner.

Proceeding, after dinner, in search of the mineral spring here, we stumbled upon an orphan asylum, and a boy's school, with a party of derisive youngsters, clad in nature's garments, bathing in a sort of pond in the front yard. We had several hair-breadth escapes from those inappreciative foreign dogs, and muscular German amazons armed with sickles, and, at last, found the "mineral spring," and made vain attempts to get some of its water from a pump which was probably never meant to work, but was set out from a pure love of the ornamental.

Disgusted with everything connected with Sinzig, we turned our faces toward the Rhine, and bade farewell to Bug, as the condition of his feet obliged him to take a rest for a few days. So he boarded a Rhine steamer, upward bound, while the Cyclops, the Object, and the Poet, the last of the walkers, hastened on toward Andernach.

While at the Hague, our friend, the old professor, had given us a list of hotels where, he said, we would find "gut Essen und Trinken, und sehr billig!" We had made this our motto, and had enjoyed our little inns with peculiar satisfaction. The "zum Anker" at Andernach was no exception, and we arose from under our beds to view, by sunrise, the old walls and watch-tower of the little Rhine town. The tower is a very interesting and ancient structure, of great height, and with a lovely view from its topmost point, to which we climbed; and the most popular German national song which has ever been

written is said to have been suggested by the grim watch-tower of walled Andernach. In order to gain an entrance, we were obliged to seek out and rouse the whole police force of the city, consisting of one wrinkled, gray-haired, and decrepit individual, too feeble to climb the tower with us, and so remaining outside until we came down and made him happy by the bestowal of pfennigs.

We walked through the town, commanding the usual curiosity, and being almost run over by a cart, pulled by two ferocious dogs, and containing two enormous porkers, who sent forth shrieks and squeals

so heart-rending that an American pig would have committed suicide for very envy. The dogs barked, the pigs squealed, their owner yelled, and the cart rattled noisily over the cobble-stones, and we lovers of harmony were happy. Farther on along the road we met another dog-cart, this time drawn by two diminutive, puny curs, yet carrying two full-grown men as a load.

We speeded along the solid and even Rhine road,



YOUNG BLOOD OF ANDERNACH.

which on the left bank hugs the river closely all the way from Cologne to Mayence; it is covered with broken stone and some composition which renders it like our best macadamized roads, and is a paragon for the pedestrian or bicycle rider. During all this time, of course, we had been feasting on the glorious scenery, and ever and anon the enthusiastic Poet would insist upon our stopping for an examination of some particular beauty, with :

“By Jove! fellows, isn’t that a grand view around the bend? Just look at that charming scene up that gorge, will you? Well, *that* glimpse certainly surpasses any thing we have yet seen!”

Oh, ye deluded ones, who think that ye have seen and appreciated the Rhine in a one-day’s sail on a smoky little steamer! Masters of our own views, free to enjoy as long as we chose any of more than common loveliness, in the exuberance of spirits belonging as of right to clear consciences, youth, and healthful exercise in the untainted air, we passed below ruined castles, those moldering monuments, on each of which is inscribed, in unseen characters, some legend, sad or charming; on, by jagged cliffs, standing out in clear relief against the vine-covered hills in the background—and all with the swiftly-gliding Rhine shooting before, or twining among them in turbid splendor. In a moment of inspiration the Object said, “The reality is golden, the memory will be of silver!”

At last, we saw the towers of Coblentz gleaming in

the distance, and soon the cliffs the other side of the Moselle. Crossing the bridge of the XIV<sup>TH</sup> Century, with a glimpse of the peaceful scenes along the valley of the Moselle, and, brooding over the Rhine from the opposite bank, the gigantic fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

The tramps were united at dinner, and after a siesta on the part of the three who had just arrived, they adjourned in a body to the "Rhine Promenade," a beautiful walk and drive, directly beside the river, shaded by graceful trees, and ornamented by shrubs and flowers all along its great length.

While taking tea at a large café in the city, the Judge left us for a few moments to procure a cigar, as his stock had given out. He stalked into a small cigar-shop, and, with his innate politeness toward the weaker sex, made one of his most grand and dignified bows to the old woman 'tending shop, when he was horrified and astounded by her immediately arising from her chair, taking from the cash-drawer *one pfennig* (about one-quarter of a cent), and presenting it to him, evidently supposing him to be beseeching an alms. Instead of completing the joke by keeping the coin, and thanking her, he burned incense before his offended dignity, by handing back the pfennig, and purchasing the most expensive cigar in the stock. But he made his most ill-judged move, when he returned to us and "told on himself," although it was really very kind and self-sacri

ficing, as we never should otherwise have known of the blow our grandee had received.

After the Judge's experience had been pronounced very natural by the unfeeling Bug, we adjourned to the brilliantly-lighted streets. Though almost all German cities we had seen had been very dirty, Coblentz, with what amounted to surface drainage, for variety and vileness of odors and dirt, "carried off the cake."



## VI.

### VAGABONDISM BESIDE THE RHINE.

WE crossed the river by the bridge of boats, and experienced some little fatigue in climbing to the inner gates of Ehrenbreitstein, where we were taken in charge by a soldier, who was to guide us to the different points of interest. Anxious to make two fees instead of his one, he endeavored to handle another party of sight-seers at the same time with ours, and was rewarded by an officer's depriving him of both, and himself conducting us to the highest vantage point, where we had a clear view of the Rhine, from the handsome castle of Stolzenfels, as far as the lofty tower of Andernach, and, opposite us, of the beautiful Moselle valley.

As we retraced our steps toward Coblentz, we passed hundreds of soldiery, for the most part clad in a rough

working suit of some light-colored material, and but few in full uniform. We examined the old church of St. Castor, with its curious frescoes and paintings, and, near by, a monument with two inscriptions cut in it, in French. The first signified that, "This monument was erected in commemoration of a great victory over the Russians;" the second, a Russian general's masterpiece of sarcasm, informed the reader that the above had been "Seen and approved by the commander of the victorious Russian forces at Coblentz"—such a date, etc.

The tramps held a council of war, and decided to fix upon Heidelberg as the next place of re-union, and, until then, to divide into parties of two and three, as eight could with difficulty settle upon the same plans. So the Cyclops, the Poet, and the Object started out from Coblentz, amid the derisive cheers of the rest of the tramps, who had their fill of walking for a time, and soon reached the Stolzenfels.

During all our walks, the appetite of the Cyclops had varied directly as the amount of exercise taken, and clamorous, yet plaintive appeals for more food were constantly being heard. He cheered the hearts of numerous fruit-women by purchasing huge portions of their stock, and devoted himself to Pflaumen, Apricose—"anything," as he said, "to keep the wolf from the door." Here, after dinner, he attacked another fruit-stand, with the war-cry, "The wolf is at the door! I must buy some more Pflaumen (plums)."

“Cyclops,” said the Object, “I have discovered, at last, one thing at which you might actually be of some service.”

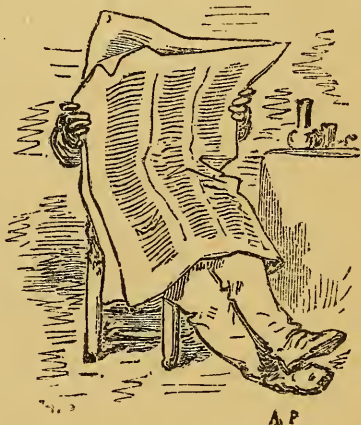
“Well, you have solved a problem that has for many weary years been bringing the gray hairs of my parents with sorrow to the grave,” replied the Cyclops, arresting, for the moment, the flight of a luscious plum to his mouth.

“You will make a first class hare, in our next game of ‘Hare and Hounds,’ in New Haven. Instead of by bits of paper, you can mark your course by simply enjoying yourself eating plums, and dropping the pits behind you. Look at the trail you have left along the road!” And, verily, far back into the distance, stretched a line of plum-pits.

As we made the ascent of Stolzenfels, we passed a veritable Roman mile-stone, half covered with the moss of centuries. Reaching the castle, which is now the property of the Emperor, and is filled with collections of old china, curious goblets, antique furniture, etc., on entering, we were compelled to put on large, padded, woolen overshoes, to prevent our scraping the inlaid floors, and then we were conducted through the various apartments. The little chapel contained some famous paintings on a gilt background, the subjects all scriptural; and the heavy, carved furniture in the Emperor’s sleeping apartments was very elegant—in fact, all things were precisely what one would have expected in the abode of a monarch of considerable taste.

One of our companions at the top of a lofty tower, to which we resorted for the view, was a young German student, with fully thirty livid scars upon his face—an instance of the extent to which it is possible to be disfigured in their ridiculous duels.

We crossed the river, and walked from Oberlahnstein to Ems, the famous watering-place; arriving there in the evening, we engaged apartments, and proceeded at once to the center of attraction, the Curhaus and Cursaal, with their tasteful grounds and promenades outside. Numbers of people, dressed in the extreme of fashion, were promenading, or sitting at the tables of the very large Café, or on the benches through the grounds, which were skirted by the Lahn, on whose waters were several small row-boats, handled by charming little oars-women. The music, under the leadership of Liebig, the composer, was exquisite, and I presume we enjoyed it as much as any of the gay crowd with which, regardless of our way-worn appearance, we freely mingled. We listened through to the very end of a finely-selected and beautifully-rendered programme; were cheated a little at the Café—merely for experience—and then went to the large and elegant reading-rooms, where we three poverty-stricken



HOME NEWS.

and bedraggled "Fussgaenger" kept the whole force of waiters and chandeliers on the go, until we finished our American papers, the first we had seen since leaving home.

Having forgotten, not merely the situation, but even the name of our hotel, we wandered sadly about the streets, examining closely the appearance of each hotel, until we, at last, recognized it, and hurried to the sleep of the just and the weary.

Arising, next morning, at about six o'clock, we proceeded at once to the Curhaus, around which were gathered thousands of people, up to drink the waters and hear the music. Each one carried a cup, usually of some pretty design in glass or porcelain. We elbowed our way to the springs, around which thronged the crowd, to be served by girls, who took the cups presented and filled them with the spring water. Some kept their cups there, and, giving in their numbers, were served. We informed the "dipper" that we had no cups, and, after some difficulty, were supplied with the warm, and—to us—disagreeable water. We gulped it down, however, and hastened off to breakfast, but found that our restaurant, as well as all others near at hand, was not yet open; so, following the example of the rest of the crowd, we stayed our appetites with rusks, which were sold in large quantities at stands beside the promenades.

Finally, after being cheated at our hotel—for variety's sake—we took the train for Oberlahnstein, and were soon

on the Rhine road, hastening toward the Koenig's Stuhl. Shortly before we reached it, we came upon a mineral spring which is directly in the stream of the Rhine, and is inclosed by masonry built from the bottom of the river, and projecting slightly above the surface. We went into the bottling establishment on shore, but, notwithstanding a repetition of those insinuating compliments to the water, which had been so successful at the Apollinaris, we were obliged to show first our pfennigs, before tasting.

The Konigsstuhl is an octagonal structure, just beside the river, interesting from its historical associations as having been the place of meeting of the old electors. Striding on, amidst the same castle-studded scenery and the Cyclop's laments about "the wolf," we stopped at Boppard for dinner, when we allowed our hunger to make wild havoc among the viands, not being aware that, during all our gormandizing, the hotel proprietor sat immediately opposite. We noticed that our *vis-a-vis* was a very sour-looking individual, who stared fixedly at us when we helped ourselves so abundantly to each successive course. But his heart was completely broken when the voracious Cyclops, who had had two enormous helps of pudding (whereas one portion of each course at *table-d'hôte* is never exceeded with propriety), seizing upon a passing waiter, took a *third* portion. Then the old gentleman was obliged to hastily rise and retire. "The racket was too much for him," said the Poet.

Pushing on, delighted to hear from the Cyclops that

the wolf had momentarily ceased to gnaw, we crossed from St. Goar, to climb the height of the Lorelei, rendered so famous by Heine's charming little song. We found the climb quite steep, and wearying after our day's walk, but at last the Poet and the Object reached the summit, and imagined the Cyclops, about half-way up, bearing a banner embroidered with his motto, "LOTS OF TIME," and mounted on a staff in the shape of a Holland cigar, and labeled, "TEN FOR ONE PFENNIG." The central figure of the view before us was the grand Rhine, cutting its way deeply between the steep hills, covered with terraced vineyards, the sides of the hills being so lofty and abrupt that it looked as though the huge sword of some olden-time giant had cut out a channel between them. We roused ourselves to a high pitch of poetical enthusiasm, as we looked on the scene just as the poet saw it, in the cool even time, as the sun was setting.

“ Die Luft ist kuehl, und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt,  
Im Abend-sonnen-schein.”

And we turn from the rosied outlines of the mountains across the river to the rapid, rushing Rhine, rolling on as noiselessly as if a painted river. We stood in pleasant silence until it grew almost too dark to descend even the path; yet the Poet and the Cyclops thought they would try to descend on the side towards our destination, while

the Object preferred to hug the path, the consequence of all this being that the venturesome pair narrowly missed a slide from top to bottom of the crag, with no stops for refreshments, and were glad finally to return to the top and seek the path, awe-stricken by their narrow escape.

Between the foot of the Lorelei and Oberwesel is a grand echo, the same one of which is related a custom of the German students, who shout to it a question meaning,



WARBLING TO THE ECHO.

“Who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel?” The echo returns the last two syllables, “-Es-el,” which compose the word signifying “an ass.” We tested it with warbles, Yale “Ra’s,” shrieks, and whistles, and then walked leisurely on, watching the scenery fade into mere misty outlines, as the light failed.

When we arrived opposite Oberwesel, which was on the other side of the river, and our intended stopping-place, it was quite dark, and we found to our dismay that

we could not procure a boat of any description to cross in. After wild propositions to sleep under our rubber-coats, on the ground by the river side, or else in a tempting field of newly-cut grain, with sheaves for bed, pillows, and covering, we hurried on until, at last, we descried a light ahead. Finding that it shone from a small house, we determined to lodge there, if possible; so we knocked loudly on the door, but only to disturb a family gathering, and be harshly repulsed, although we did succeed in obtaining a glass of water, and the very definite information that there was a town—somewhere ahead. A heavy thunder-storm was now coming up behind us, and, tired as we were, we increased our pace until, finally, we broke into a rapid run. The road on the right bank is rough and stony in places, and here especially bad, and as we ran along in blackest darkness, ever and anon our poor toes came into violent contact with unseen great stones. Just as a few large drops pattered down, we saw lights ahead, and found ourselves, as the storm burst in all its fury, in front of a small Gastwirthschaft; hastily entered, and received, with thankful hearts, an affirmative reply to our usual inquiries concerning “Zimmer und Fruhstueck” (lodging and breakfast). In the coffee-room were a number of old Germans, taking their wine and smoking their pipes with great solemnity.

From the first evening we had spent in Germany, we had indulged in drinking, at each meal of the day, the wines native to the spot we were then resting in. As a



GERMAN PIPERS.

matter of health, avoiding the water of almost all these localities was imperative, and one can very easily afford the luxury of delicious white or red wines at fourteen cents per pint. Here we joined the quiet party of village patriarchs, and, after a short evening with them, retired to our huge, old-fashioned beds. The feather-bed on top of one had now grown to be a great luxury, and we never for a moment thought of throwing it off.

Emerging from our nest-like sleeping-places at a fresh morning hour, we walked on along the right bank until we reached the Niederwald, opposite Bingen. We decided that, after our last evening's run and the morning's walk, we could conscientiously indulge in donkey in the ascent; so we selected three from the large number in waiting, and were soon being trotted up the mountain side, in grand

style. Instead of following the usual mode here, which is for both gentlemen and ladies to make use of the side-saddle, we preferred to ride astride, and we could easily touch our feet to the ground. The peculiar advantage in riding such small animals is that, should they attempt to carry you over a precipice, or perform any uncomfortable antics, you can insure your safety by simply straightening the limbs, and allowing the unruly animal to go whither he listeth. The Cyclops, in making the bargain with an English-speaking German who had procured the donkeys for us, had been unable to make him understand that we wished to ride astride, until he had informed him that "we wanted *straddlers*." This, with the aid of a graceful explanatory gesture, had the desired effect, and we proceeded on our way at a moderately fast trot, yet followed closely by the *donkey-girls*, who urged on our animals with switches, and, although they kept pace with them to the very summit, did not show the least signs of fatigue. It was a remarkable and queer fact that our little donkeys possessed characteristics resembling certain ones of their riders. (Now this is a confession which evil-minded persons may construe more broadly than is intended !)

We had not gone ten rods before the Cyclops' animal, though much the largest and strongest of the three, was left far in the rear, and, all the way up, now it remained behind a long distance, now, making one of the Cyclops' own old-time spurts, it would almost catch up with ours, only to fall back again. The Object's beast was a very frisky

animal, cavorting around the path in an exuberance of spirits, and evidently fond of a practical joke, such as throwing him over his head, or some equally playful performance. The Poet's was afflicted, like himself, with a severe cold, as he made evident by sneezes, wheezes, and much blowing. As they rode up, the Poet and the Object could turn back and see Cyclops, a broad smile on his bearded face, his feet now and then trailing upon the ground, and a new strap which he had purchased that morning for his little pack, and which bore a very close resemblance to an old suspender, gleaming in the sunshine with its stripes of gorgeous hues.

With an English-speaking guide, we made the tour of the various points of interest, first visiting a large and winding cave, at whose end were three small apertures cut through the rock, and which afforded charming glimpses of the opposite side of the river, at the ends of long vistas made by cuttings through the forest covering the side of our hill. Thence to an artificial ruin commanding a view of quiet little "Bingen on the Rhine," nestling close to its skirting river, the Nahe, and, on an island in the Rhine, a small tower, which our guide pointed to and said :

"That was the notorious tower where the wicked Bishop Hatto von Mainz was by rats devoured up."

"Indeed," remarked the Object, quietly. "So that is the identical tower in which the Bishop devoured rats! Ah, was the gentleman a Chinaman?"

"You vas not understand," expostulated the guide. "It vas the rats who devour up the wicked Bishop. There vas a poetry write about it in English?"

"Ah, yes, I see," drawled the Object. "Aw, did it kill the rats?"

Our guide deigned not a word in reply, but hurried us away to several other sights of no great interest. Passing an enormous granite monument in process of construction, to commemorate the formation of the German Empire, we took a steep foot-path leading directly downward through the celebrated Ruedesheimer vineyards. We fell in with a sociable German, who guided us among the vines to the little village of Ruedesheim, talking voluminously the while about the red and white wines, and finally taking us to a small inn where we were shown through the wine-cellar and presses of the establishment, and were told about the mode of making and keeping the wines.

The Object, at tea, indulged in some "Ruehreier," a peculiar combination of eggs, onions, and butter, and of very suspicious appearance, but quite palatable—when one shuts his eyes.

By Rhine steamer to Biebrich, we passed the Schloss Johannisberg, and its vineyards, yielding the enormously precious wine of that name, and sailed through the Rheingau, a fertile but very uninteresting region.

Reaching Wiesbaden by rail, the next morning, we were delighted to find it combining the beauty of a city of imposing buildings, broad streets, and pleasant trees,

with the liveliness of a model watering-place. In front of its Cursaal is a large square, flanked by long colonnades, in which are bazaars displaying most tempting wares ; the square itself is a grand mass of most exquisite flowers, arranged in tasteful color patterns. The effect of the illumination of its two large fountains, in the midst of the dazzle of the jets lighting the colonnades, is very pretty. The Cursaal itself is a beautiful building, with a grand saloon, which is very striking in its magnificence of inlaid work, statuary, and pillars of polished, dull-red and gray marble. The large park in the rear has artificial waters, so completely stocked with gold-fish that, when morsels of bread are tossed in to them, they gather in solid, wriggling masses, half of which would be lifted out of water by the support of the voracious little fellows beneath them. The waters of the Kochbrunnen we merely touched our lips to, as they were too warm (147° F.) to suit our taste. We lounged around the center of attraction, watching a fountain send up its huge jet to the height of almost an hundred feet, and listening to the music from the large orchestra. An inappreciative pug dog came strolling into the space before the music-stand, in an interval between the rendering of two selections, a smile of contentment upon his wrinkled phiz, as he waddled along calmly in the soft summer's day. Suddenly the orchestra struck up, and what a change came over the animal ! Puzzled and bewildered, frightened, and at the same time indignant, with

tail between his legs, he approached nearer and nearer the dreadful music. At last, rushing frantically around in the midst of the throng, he gave vent to the most dismal and heart-rending howls of disapproval that ever welled forth from disgusted canine, and he made them rise and swell grandly over the notes of the instruments, causing a general laugh of listeners and performers alike, that made a most indescribable mixture of howls, laughter, and music. He was soon seized by an official, who charged the inoffensive Poet with being the owner of the brute; which accusation being indignantly repelled, the unmusical wretch was carried away, yelping horribly.

In the evening we visited the theater, where we found a large audience, with many peculiarities. By far the larger portion of the house consisted of ladies in light dresses, and without hats, also without escorts of any kind, some arriving in parties of two or three, but, generally, alone and unattended. The part of the theater where were the cheapest seats corresponded in position to the parquette circle at home. During the 'tween acts, people in the midst of the house would stand upright, and, turning in all directions, composedly survey the whole audience through their glasses, continuing the operation sometimes for at least a quarter of an hour. There were very few pretty young ladies present; in fact, they appeared to be a great rarity in Germany, as even our observing notice had not found a dozen since our

landing, and those we had seen were in almost every instance our own compatriots.

"See more pretty girls in New York in an hour than you can here in a month," growled the Object.

The curtain went up like a board, flat and straight, without rolling. The comedy presented was a very laughable one, and we managed to get a fair idea of what was going on from the fine acting, and catching a word or sentence here and there. "Onkel Haessig" was its title, and the audience bestowed deafening applause upon several of the actors, calling them out frequently, and shouting "Bravo!" until there was, at times, a perfect roar. Not a very good example of the apathetic German audience one hears so much about.

The hours are very early, the performance beginning at half-past six o'clock, and closing before ten; and, even at that hour, we found, on going from the theater to the Cursaal, that the grand ball of the evening was just breaking up.

---

## VII.

### FROM DIRTY MAYENCE TO A STUDENT'S PARADISE.

WITH regret we left Wiesbaden for Mayence, and, on our first morning at the latter place, we started for the citadel, to view the Eichelstein, a monument erected to Drusus. But, after our long walk there, it appeared

that, on that particular day, no visitors whatever were allowed to enter; so we held a consultation, and determined to enter *vi et armis*, if necessary, and adopted the following course of action, which worked to a charm.



GENIAL GUARD.

Reaching the gate, where a guard was pacing up and down, we walked directly on, meeting his expostulations with bows, cordial smiles, and "I don't understand German," and, pretending not to comprehend a word that he said, we still smiled, but still advanced, and at last reached the object of our pilgrimage. The old Roman masonry of the monument is almost completely

hidden by modern; so we found it not remarkably interesting, after all; but, as we stood examining, our furious guard returned, bringing with him seven other blanks, each worse than himself, and we were ignominiously conducted forth, perfectly satisfied, however, as we had accomplished our design.

We spent an afternoon in the cathedral, an aged-looking edifice of several different styles of architecture, and presenting, as viewed from the outside, rather of a jumble, and the appearance of being much the worse for wear; but the interior has been magnificently restored, and the elaborate paintings of the dome and nave are very

beautiful. The cathedral is crowded with ancient and curious monuments, and there is wonderful carving, of the greatest massiveness, in the choir. No one is allowed to move about, for the sake of sight-seeing, while service is being conducted; so, as we arrived while high mass was being performed, we were obliged to take seats and watch the service, after a slight glance at some of the antique monuments; but we stole from our seats, now and then, to examine them more closely, hoping to accomplish by stealth what we dared not do openly, for fear of a terrible beadle, an appalling example of how much trumpery one male can carry about upon his person. He wore an enormous beaver cocked-hat, a coat whose foundation material was almost completely hidden by gilt stripes, innumerable brass buttons, vast epaulettes and aiguillettes, "pantaloons," much laced and striped, and a wide scarf of velvet, embroidered heavily with gilt. To complete his outfit, he carried a large drum-major's baton, and had, suspended over his manly breast, a huge silver-plated badge, which resembled, in size and shape, a steerage soup-plate. He stalked about with the mien of an emperor, and jealously watched any movement from the seats. At last, he pounced upon the poor Poet, the most innocent of the trio, and after a long harangue, which the grinning Cyclops and Object took in from the distance, he set free the would-be delver into the secrets of the past, on condition that he would remain seated. As soon as the old gentleman's back was turned, we skipped for

another region of the cathedral, where we were examining a curious old vase of great size, when we saw our tormentor approaching at almost a run, and, deeming discretion the better part, beat a hasty retreat. Only to return soon for a look at the famous bronze door, and to enter the cathedral again, and take seats, very demurely, in a side-chapel, soon to commence our perambulations and to have our Argus-eyed monster again hurry toward us; but just then the service was finished, and he was powerless, so we roamed at will through the choir, where was our mahogany carving.

After visiting the other sights of dirty Mayence, we walked leisurely across the bridge of boats to Castel, to take the train for Frankfort. As we feared that we had either lost our train, or had but a few moments to spare, the Cyclops relieved the Poet of his pack, and the latter hurried ahead to purchase the tickets. He bought them, and roused the Object's most bitter ire, by absolutely throwing away the enormous sum of over a mark, by procuring tickets for a Schnell-zug (fast or express train), with none but first and second class cars, whereas we might just as well have gone by our ordinary snail-zug, as he remarked, for that amount less. One comes to rank marks almost as dollars. They seem to go almost as far here as a dollar does at home, and, actually, the existence of so many coins of exceedingly small value has the effect of making one value beyond its due an amount measured in them. An extra charge is made, in Germany, for the

ride by Schnell-zug, and even they are quite slow, while the ordinary trains are simply that kind of which some one complains, "where they ought to put the 'cow-catcher' on the rear of the train, to keep the animals from walking right in." Except that it would not precisely apply here, as they have no "cow-catchers" upon their locomotives.

The scenery between Mayence and Frankfort is very uninteresting, and we saw nothing which attracted our notice, except, at one small station, a very tumble-down, dilapidated, old building, evidently a cow-shed, and in a most filthy condition. "That," remarked the Object, motioning toward the disreputable pile, "that, the guide-book informs us, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Gothic's finest productions. Its genuineness is disputed by some architectural *savants*, who claim that they find traces of the master-hands of Mr. Romanesque and Mr. Renaissance; but it is probably a genuine Gothic."

During all the ride, the wolf had been repeating his old-time amusement of gnawing at the vitals of the Cyclops; so our first exploit in Frankfort was to enter a swell-looking ice-cream saloon, and partake of some ices, for which we were anticipating exorbitant charges, as usual in such places, but were "perfectly reckless, and determined to impress the natives of Frankfort with the extravagance of the American youth," as the Cyclops grandly remarked. We were very agreeably surprised

when the fair one in attendance demanded but fifty pfennigs from each of us.

“No doubt the poor girl was compelled to reduce her price in consequence of the magnetic glances which we three experienced lady-killers bestowed upon her. She could not have the heart to cheat three foreigners of such *distingue* bearing and handsome looks, not to mention our *recherché* wearing apparel,” remarked the Poet.

Frankfort we found the most charming and Parisian-like of German cities; its broad, well-paved streets lined with beautiful buildings, built with a profusion of Caryatides, for which the city is famous. Friezes, and external frescoes upon gilt ground were very common, and there were walks and drives thronged with well-dressed people. The Object put on his ta-ta hat, and was the cynosure of all eyes.

Late in the evening, after a delightful walk across the Main and to several of Frankfort's celebrated statues, we returned to our hotel, to be met, at the landing of the top floor, by our proprietor, who eagerly urged us to (this is the Poet's):

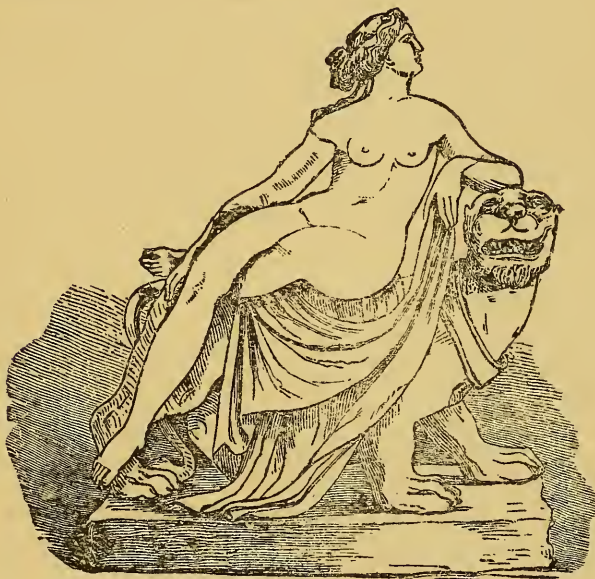
“Go with him to his billiard-room, and punch the ivory sphere,  
Sit with him in his coffee-room, and drink the foaming beer,”

and all at his expense—anything, only we *must* go.

He was so strangely anxious and pressing, and had so evidently been lying in wait for us, that we were inclined to be suspicious of the man. Finally he said:

“Oh, shentlemens, you speak so goot English, I vant mooch to speak it mit you!”

Which may have been his reason, but we declined all his invitations on plea of fatigue, and, after profuse apologies, retired.



DANNECKER'S ARIADNE.

We had long been looking forward to a visit to the gallery of statuary here, which contains, among other attractions, that charming piece of sculpture, “Ariadne and the Tiger,” of which one sees so many copies and photographs. It was shown in a rose-colored light, and we gazed upon it until perfectly satisfied, and then turned from it to the other sights of Frankfort. To mention but few, we passed through the Jew quarter to the historical

Roemer Platz, within whose precincts, until very recently, no member of the much-despised Hebrew race could enter. In olden times, all Frankfort's Jews were kept in their own quarter by chains. We visited the dingy office of the renowned Rothschilds, an enormous building, as silent as the grave. The Cyclops proposed requesting to be shown to the Baron (barn, he irreverently persisted in calling him), and requesting him to change a one-pfennig piece into French money for us; but, fearing that it might bring on unforeseen complications in the money market, we refrained.

Turning our steps toward the Bourse, we walked for some distance through the Anlage, or park of narrow breadth surrounding the whole city. We passed, now and then, one of the old towers which marked the walls of Frankfort as it was, and found ourselves in front of the new opera-house, the most imposing modern structure we had yet seen in Europe. Built of white stone or marble, it was of noble proportions, and adorned with impressive statuary and Caryatides. The Bourse is a handsome old building, in the Indian style, the interior being filled with numerous black marble pillars, spreading out at their tops into broad, fan-like folds of white, which form the ceiling, giving the large room a very Oriental appearance. We arrived there just before business hours, and the building gradually became filled with the brokers, mostly Jews, who held animated conversations in groups.

There was no visitors' gallery, so we were obliged to

go in among the brokers, in great fear lest they should play some practical joke upon us, in New York Stock Exchange style, especially as we perceived that they were acting precisely like New York brokers, tormenting one member by pursuing him in a crowd all around the hall—all because of his new hat, which they took every opportunity to knock off, jam over his ears, etc., acting like so many overgrown school-boys, waiting for the appearance of the teacher. When business began, the greatest change took place. The jokers became transformed into seeming maniacs, and there arose a most terrific roar of many mingled voices, and the fact of their being all in the harsh, guttural German added to the sublime discord. The Object was delayed for a few hours in Frankfort, while the Cyclops and the Poet started for Weinheim to walk to Heidelberg, a short distance through the Burgstrasse, which is a peculiar, street-like road, beautifully laid out for miles and miles through the country. The trio, arriving in Heidelberg at about the same time, sallied forth from their hotel to see some of the performances, as it was the end of the term at university, and the students were to have their usual celebration. Heidelberg, and that evening, had been set by the tramps for a full meeting, so the three kept a sharp lookout for the five wanderers. We soon saw the glare of approaching torches, and, thinking that the other division might be with the procession, we stationed ourselves so that they could not pass unseen by us, and, surely enough, found

them following this procession of one corps of the students. The Judge had explored the Moselle valley; Nancy had been at Carlsbad; Bug and Handsome had been luxuriating in the Burgstrasse among fair maidens and walks of one mile per day, and the Parson had been with them until they became so utterly degenerate in their luxury that he left them for the more energetic sight-seeing of church floors, church chimneys, church doors, etc. When Bug, the Parson, and Handsome were still in the Rhine country, they made an expedition to the castle of Rheinfels, engaging a guide therefor. On the climb upward, as the guide pointed out the beauties of the views from various points, the profane climbers (excepting always the Parson!) would exclaim in enthusiastic tones:

“Oh, that view *is* perfectly hellish.”

After a few repetitions, the guide fell into their little trap, and asked:

“How say you? Hellish?”

“Yes,” the wretches replied, “it corresponds to your word *herrlich*, and is the most forcible word in the English language to express the most perfect beauty.”

And the poor guide, bent upon acquiring as much English as possible, kept repeating, “Hellish, Hellish!” until he had it perfectly, and has probably ere this struck astonishment and horror into some English or American paterfamilias, accompanied by family, by asking, with triumphant gesture and expression:

“There, was not that view hellish?”

The same three tramps found one quiet little inn, where they were treated with the greatest politeness. The proprietor's wife sang for them, and his pretty daughter captivated Handsome and Bug to such an extent that they were intensely anxious to gain her favor, and exerted themselves to their utmost to entertain and charm the fair Maedchen; but were utterly crushed by the Parson's making a display of his powers in such a manner as to make the whole party ridiculous in the eyes of the young lady, who only laughed at poor Handsome and Bug. As Bug told the story, it happened as follows, to wit:

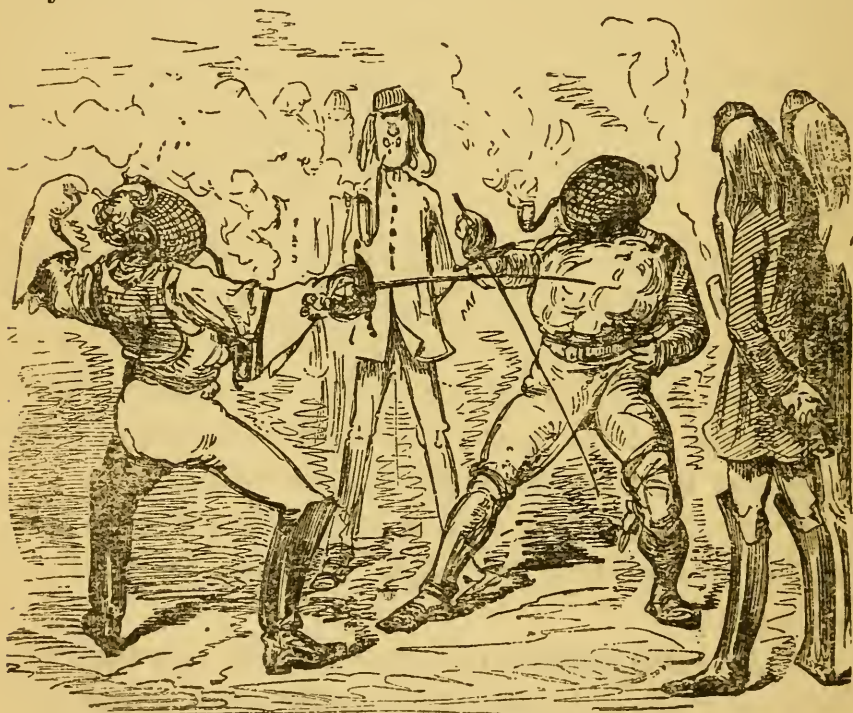
"The old lady was clawing ivory, and shrieking in the most approved fashion. Handsome and I were getting on swimmingly with our charmer; when, suddenly, at the completion of the music, the Frau, who understood but a few words and the most simple phrases of English, was struck by the following shot from the Parson:

"'In our coun-try, it is un-u-su-al for a la-dy to keep up her mu-sic af-ter mar-riage. Will you not fa-vor us once more?'

"At which, spoken, or rather shouted, in a high key, (a thing which one does most naturally when addressing a foreigner), the astonished Frau shrieked out, 'WAS?' and the young lady was lost in a storm of giggles. When peace had been restored, and we two lady-killers had recovered lost ground, and were again progressing finely, the Parson, without warning, yelled:

“‘Do you *ne-ver* salt your but-ter in this coun-try? We A-mer-i-cans *al-ways* salt ours.’

“From which all the Frau inferred was that the Parson was casting reflections upon the quality of her butter, and *she* was lost in a storm of indignation, while we poor fellows were now completely ignored by our laughing lady.”



A TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER.

When all adventures had been related, the tramps separated to their hotels, of which our dear Wiener Hof, we imagined, was a perfect paragon of cheapness and square dealing.

In the streets, next morning, we saw numbers of students, almost every one scarred somewhat, and some hideously disfigured. We were informed that they frequently made use of certain chemicals to aggravate the cut, and make the scar as extensive as possible. The majority of the badly-scarred students gave one the impression that they were of that stamp of weak characters who wish to be estimated as the reckless, fast, dime-novel sort of bold, bad men. In their duels, every part where a wound could prove at all dangerous is carefully protected, even to the neck ; so that there is no danger connected with this childish custom, but merely a disfigurement of which they are proud.

After a swim in the Neckar, we proceeded to the far-famed castle, a ruin grand in extent, artistic beauty, romance, and historical interest. But let not the Student-Tramp's unsteady feet attempt to follow those of Bayard Taylor ! No description of the familiar ruin and its surroundings can be necessary.

We, in company with a number of "Cook's Cattle"—as the excursionists in charge of one of Cook's agents are euphoniously called—were conducted through the store-rooms, chapels, etc., by a woman who was driven almost distracted by the ridiculous questions of Bug. As we came to each chapel, hall, tower, and store-room, and after she had told the party the use of each place, he persisted in quietly and smilingly asking :

"Is this the celebrated Heidelberg tun?"

When, at last, we reached it, our conductress, looking fiercely at Bug, said, snappishly, that *this* was the great tun, capable of holding forty-nine thousand gallons, etc., etc. Bug, not at all dismayed, stepped forth and said :



THE BARONS AND TUN, MIT GOOT WINE FULL.

"Oh, this is the celebrated Heidelberg tun, is it?"

"Yes, and it can hold forty-nine thousand gallons,"  
etc., etc.

"They used to keep their rain-water in it, I presume."

"No," began the woman, highly offended; but Bug calmly interrupted her by suggesting:

"Beer, perhaps."

Whereat our friend almost shrieked words to the effect that it was not vile beer, but generous wine which the tun had held, and—

"The great Barons of the castle vas keep the grosse Fass mit good wine *full!*"

"And themselves, also, I presume——"

But her knowledge of English did not admit of her grasping his meaning, and we called his attention from the enraged female to a pair who were, evidently, "on their bridal tour," and were making the fact so conspicuous, in the usual style, that, for fear of anything approaching it, the tramps, one and all, decided to veto any bills that should be passed by their brides (that were to be!), providing for that abomination—a wedding tour.

After a grand feast upon unripe blackberries, and a tour of the various heights from which the castle can be best viewed, Bug, hearing the precise Judge speak of the castle, again and again, as "the Schloss," decided that:

"This is the finest slush that we have yet seen!"

We descended to our hotel, to our *table-d'hôte*, and there chanced to sit opposite two fair specimens of the traveling Yankee so much ridiculed abroad. One of them had the manners and speech of the caricatured

“kerosene-oil aristocrat” to a high degree of perfection. He remarked casually to his companion, as the last course before dessert was being served :

“Waal, if yew ain’t a goin’ to take none of that hen, I am, yew bet.”

He informed us proudly that he did not know nor wish to know a word of “Dutch,” nor even the first principles of pronunciation ; “For,” said he, “I’ve got one of them conversation books, they call ’em, and I git all I want eout on that.”

“But,” asked the Cyclops, “do you understand the *replies*?”

“Oh, no,” said our linguist. “That don’t make no difference.”

While making the tour of the castle, we had seen one of the student corps holding a grand *fête* on a platform raised in one portion of the castle, and entertaining themselves with their lady friends, music, and beer—principally beer. Several old graduates were present, some of them aged men, with gray beards, but conspicuous with the curious and very homely uniform cap of that particular corps. The grand event, for which we prolonged our stay in Heidelberg, was an illumination of the castle, to be given under the auspices of the students. This is the notable sight of the year at Heidelberg, and, when we crossed the curious old bridge over the Neckar, to reach a point directly opposite the castle, we found ourselves in the midst of a vast concourse, mostly composed of Eng-

lish and Americans. And, although in the midst of a heavy rain, the crowd stood and patiently waited for two hours beyond the time set for the illumination; until, at last, without any warning but the firing of cannon, there burst upon us from the heart of the gloom the most glorious spectacle it had ever fallen to our lot to witness. The grim and wonderfully extensive old ruin was lighted up in all its parts by a glare of lurid red light, flaring up simultaneously with a meteor-like discharge of fireworks from tower and hall. In the brilliant red light, which was fringed at the very base of the castle by an undulating line of green, it stood out in full relief, *alone* in all its finest outlines, with no surrounding objects to distract the eye from the one grand vision; and not that alone, but the changed and colored light enhanced an hundred-fold the old ruin's beauty and romance. As clouds of smoke arose, gradually dimming its outlines, and embracing closely the venerable pile, it presented a scene which must have stamped itself indelibly on the memories of those fortunate enough to behold it. Not until dense volumes of smoke enfolded the entire castle, did the spectators, lingering for the last gleam to die away, turn toward the bridge, which, itself illuminated, ended our evening's light, and the tramps passed into the darkness of the almost interminable Haupt-strasse toward their hotel, "the paragon."

## VIII.

### INTO THE SHADES OF THE SCHWARTZWALD.

IN the morning, the perusal of our letters occupied us until almost time to start for the railway station, when we were informed by our suave landlord that we could have ample time for a good *table-d'hôte* before starting. So the Poet and the Object left their apartment, with the Cyclops' pack and suspender attachment reigning supreme there, its contents scattered in all parts of the room, and giving one the general impression of a wrecked railroad train. We ordered our bill in plenty of time to have had it an hour and a half before starting, but did not succeed in obtaining it after three vain attempts.

"Poet," said the Object, "I fear they are playing the oft-read-of game, of keeping the bill until the last moment, in order that numerous mischarges in it may be passed over by the traveler rather than lose his train."

And so it was, for, when, at last, we procured it, we found that it was perfectly unintelligible, with numbers of charges for things we had not dreamed of having, with heavy overcharges for everything we had had, and, in addition, was written on two separate pieces of paper, giving them an opportunity of charging the same things twice over. So, with rage and indignation, we called for the

waiter, the proprietor—any one to settle our bill; but, bound to keep us until the eleventh hour, no one appeared, and we howled, and pounded, and finally were on the point of departing, leaving the correct amount upon the table, when the waiter suddenly arrived upon the scene, and, as the time for our train was almost at hand, we frantically demanded of him to strike out the various extortionate charges. He did so, until he reached a certain point, where he stopped, and utterly refused to make another change. So we divided the extra charge, and rushed off to the depot, although it was now past time for the train to start; but, by the best of luck and by dint of our astonishing the Heidelbergers by a run through their streets, we reached it before it carried us to Baden, thinking, with sad regretfulness, of the fall which the Wiener Hof, the paragon, had taken in our estimation.

At Baden, we found that the hotel of our choice could furnish us with one palatial apartment of great size, and five single rooms. Handsome, Bug, and the Poet drew “the boudoir,” and, after reveling in their elegance for some time, we all started for the Conversation Haus and the Trinkhalle. The latter is a long building, of not great height, but with a row of beautiful pillars and a handsome portico extending along its front, whose walls are embellished with paintings representing the legends of the neighboring Black Forest. In front of the large and plain Conversation Haus were the thousands of spring-

chairs of iron, which in the good old gambling times were wont to be filled with fashionables to listen to the music, which was then charmingly discoursed by a large orchestra, at times under the leadership of Strauss himself. Now, the grounds were almost deserted, and the wretched orchestra consisted of a dozen performers upon brass instruments.

In the evening we went to the theater, to the performance of a comic opera, in the course of which was introduced a "take-off" upon the English tourist. Our chief attraction, a very charming young blonde actress, appeared in the guise of an English lord, in the full magnificence of long, blonde side-whiskers, the usual eye-glass, and a huge Murray's Guide-book strapped together with two or three smaller ones, not to mention a small-sized telescope, which, now and then, he rested upon his attendant's head for a "glimpse at the landscawe, you know." The attendant was dressed in footman's costume, with much red coat, brass buttons, etc., but with pantaloons of a wonderful and mysterious construction. So, as he came upon the stage, the Object whispered:

"Fellows, do you notice the queer trousers on that old duffer?"

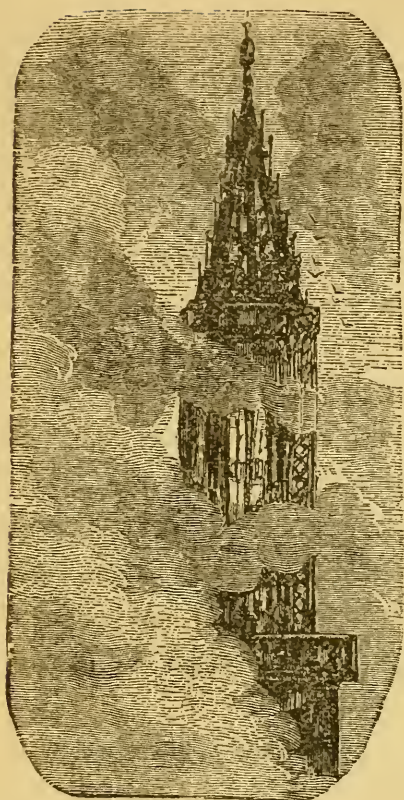
"That old WHAT?" shrieked the parson. "Don't use such shocking slang. *The Germans will take us for perfect barbarians!*"

Which they probably did,—if they understood two words of our conversation. The English-tourist repre-

sensation kept the house in a roar while it lasted, and, moreover, we noticed a number of people turning in their seats to look at us, with much amusement, evidently taking us for Englishmen, whereat, of course, we felt very much insulted. We retired through the now entirely deserted grounds to our apartments, where the Cyclops had, as usual, left his pack and other paraphernalia.

With our hotel glasses in hand, we sallied forth next morning to the Trink-halle, where we found very few people in comparison with the number at Ems and Wiesbaden, and had no difficulty in procuring all the water we desired, which was very little, as it was quite warm and tasteless. As the music was very poor, we withdrew to the celebrated warm mineral baths, which are luxurious beyond description.

Then, from a visit to the old Schloss Hohenbaden, we turned to a long and tedious ride to Strasbourg, rejoicing when we saw its fortifications and the lofty spires of its cathedral. The latter was, of course, the object of our first pilgrimage, and fully met our expectations. The work about its spire is so very fine, and, in addition, partly mouldered, that, viewed from the ground, parts of it seem almost like cobweb work. The whole affair is firmly braced with iron, but as it was once struck by lightning and severely injured, and, moreover, was damaged by missiles in the Franco-Prussian war, it is probably in a very precarious state; but its beauty is unimpaired.



WAR TIME.

The whole cathedral was being restored from the injuries it received during the last bombardment of the city. We climbed a winding staircase which seemed almost unending, and finally attained a great height, from which we had a bird's-eye view of the city, the surrounding country, and the grand cathedral itself beneath us. The number of visitors to the cathedral is something enormous, and can be appreciated when one climbs the winding stairs and notes the steps, which have been en-

tirely worn through in their centers more than once, and have had blocks of stone inserted, which themselves are now so hollowed by footsteps, that they render one's footsteps quite insecure, and the assistance of the rope banister necessary. As this rope is quite close to the wall, great care must be exercised to prevent the knuckles from being bruised against the by no means soft stone, when ever some one above or below you on the stairs grasps the rope at the same time with yourself. Accordingly, as

Nancy toiled up with all of the tramps—except the Cyclops—ahead of him, and all out of sight around the windings of the staircase, he suddenly bellows: “See here! Go easy on that rope up there. My knuckles are almost gone,”—just as a charming, young American lady comes face to face with him around the curve, and gazes, with wide-opened eyes, at him, as he stammers forth his apologies. We kept on to the highest attainable point of the spire, a dizzy point of view, from whence the ordinary pavements of the streets looked like the finest



A STORK OR TWO.

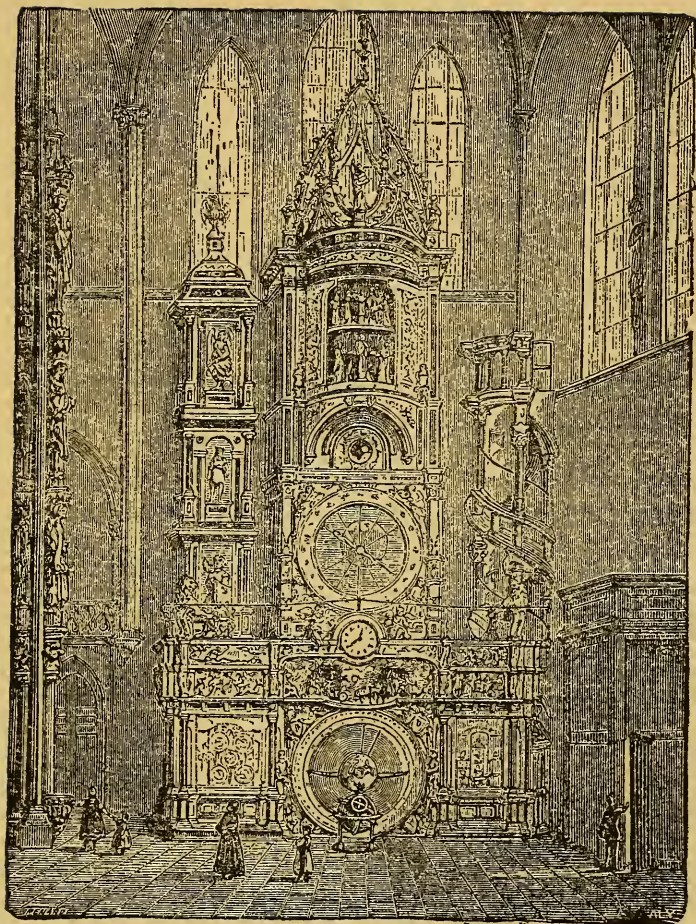
mosaics, and the flying buttresses surrounding the body of the cathedral, with its minute Gothic work, and gargoyles projecting from all available points, appeared like a bit of fine lace in everything but its dingy color. All through Germany we had seen occasional storks and their nests, but now we were satisfied in the sight of any number of the sacred birds, soaring above the tiled roofs,

or seated in owl-like dignity in their smoky nests in the chimney tops. Descending, we entered the cathedral, and, taking in at a glance the whole sweep of the nave, with its long-lined pillars, we were all anxiety to behold the famous clock. But, as service was going on, and another fierce beadle was on the premises, we underwent the same terrors as at Mayence, in endeavoring to move from place to place, until we made a desperate rush clear across the cathedral, to the corner where the clock is kept, and reached it just in time to see the performance of said clock at the striking of the quarter-hour, and to have the different parts of the wonderful machinery explained somewhat. We were much amused by a pair of English curiosities, male and female, who stared alternately at the clock and ourselves, as at equal attractions, and, although standing with wide-opened mouths, during all the time they gazed at us both, never once uttered a syllable. After waiting for the hour to strike, as in duty bound, we examined all the guide-book sights of the cathedral and the city; then spent the evening in the Broglie, the grand promenade of Strasbourg, and the night in the usual one-sided conflict with the voracious German bed-bug.

The Poet awakened us, singing :

*To the air of "I Love My Love in the Morning."*

"Oh, it's scratch, scratch, scratch in the morning,  
It's scratch, scratch, scratch at night,  
It's scratch, scratch, scratch the whole day long,  
Oh, *how* those bed-bugs bite !"



STRASBURG CLOCK—A NO. 1.

Which, however disgusting the theme, any unfortunate who has spent three nights in as many German hotels, of whatever class, can appreciate. Bug swore that, on examining his quarters, he had brought to light a whole colony of the enemy, each individual armed with a Prussian needle-gun, and a hand-grenade.

"It reminds me of our dear Burg-strasse, which, we said at the time, would have been more appropriately named, had they dispensed with the superfluous letter *r* in the first syllable, and called it the 'Bug-strasse,' " lamented Handsome.

We decided that we didn't think much of Strasbourg, after all, and, after another visit to the cathedral, hurried to the depot, only to find that we had twenty minutes to spare, and occupied that time in trying to look as though we were perfectly unconscious that any one was looking closely at us.

When our train was ready, we took our seats, and, but just before it was to start, were coolly ousted by the guard, who informed us that this was a Schnell-zug, and that we had procured the wrong tickets, and could not go by it; so, notwithstanding our expostulation and entreaties, we were hurried back to the ticket-office, bought new tickets, and rushed out again, just in time to see the train moving away. Finally, after having paid two fares to Kehl, we decided to walk thither, and, as the



"SCHNELL ZUG." Judge remarked, "not let the blasted old railroad have our tickets." Though what disadvantage this may have conferred upon the railroad company, inasmuch as it already had our money, may be somewhat difficult to conceive.

The rest of us couldn't, but, as long as the Judge was happy in tearing up his tickets, we were perfectly satisfied. We walked on in a scorching sun, purchasing a little fruit to keep the wolf away, and passed several squads of German cavalry and artillery, until we soon reached the roaring, rushing Rhine, on the other side of which was Kehl, where we passed the time very pleasantly in a swim in the river, and, when our train arrived, were so fortunate as to secure a compartment together, and with no squalling infants, nor smokers of one-phoenig cigars, to make us miserable. While changing at a small station, we were surprised and delighted to meet three classmates, who were traveling in blue blood style, and were much astonished at our knickerbockers and beards.

At Freibourg we made a careful examination of the cathedral, which in some respects bears a resemblance to the grander one of Strasbourg, and then entered upon our long-anticipated walk through the Black Forest, or Schwartzwald. We walked, that afternoon, through a glorious region, somewhat quietly resembling the Ahr valley, and at Falkensteig, in the evening, we rested at a cozy little inn, with the poetic name, “To the Two Doves,” over its door.

Here we found a jolly hostess, arrayed in orthodox peasant costume, with short sleeves and a peculiar flat head-dress, standing up vertically from the top of her head, and fastened under the chin with very wide and very long black ribbons. Bright and early we bade her



HOSTESS AND FAMILY, SCHWARTZWALD.

good-bye, and started for the defile called "Himmelreich" (Kingdom of Heaven), whose grandeur would have fully satisfied our hearts in its wildness, had not we learned that its very name was given it for its peaceful contrast to the rugged and glorious "Hoellenthal" (Pass of Hell) beyond; so we were in some measure prepared for the gorgeous, narrow, Hoellenthal. Up above us towered rocky cliffs, on both sides, and, in fact, all around, in such a massive circle, that, in whichever direction we looked, we appeared to be completely walled in by the bare and steep summits. Here the thickly growing pines covering the lofty hills took the place of the vines of the Rhine and Ahr; or, better, added a fresh charm to the scenery, and we looked in rapturous surprise upon

each variation, ever new, disclosed by the windings of the road, and turned to linger over many a pleasant retrospect. Just after our start, the Object was complaining that his ta-ta hat did not protect his eyes sufficiently, so the Cyclops, with his usual kindness, even offered to dive into the mysterious and murky depths of THAT pack, and lend him an extra hat supposed to be there. So the two stopped, and, after many intricate and elaborate unstrap-pings, unbuttonings, and unwindings, it was at last opened, and the Cyclops was exploring it for the desired hat; but he lost his balance and rolled down a slight declivity into a luxuriant bed of nettles, dragging with him pack and all its contents, in dire confusion. What followed can better be imagined than described, for, after all, the hat was not to be found, so the two hurried on after the rest of the tramps, then more than a mile ahead of them. Reaching a place where the post-road wound around and around a lofty hill, we preferred to follow a steep side-path, to a cascade, where we had an enjoyable rest, and bathed our hands and faces in the cold, crystal water. As this was our first waterfall of any kind, we thought it extremely beautiful, and were loth to leave it, and climb to regain the post-road, which then we followed to Lake Titisee, a lovely sheet of water, reminding us somewhat of Saltonstall, with twice its beauty, and the additional charm of being so many thousand feet above sea level. We took our usual swim, and then were rowed across the water to a point where we took the road once more, and climbed

to an inn on the hill-side, where we ordered dinner, and, while it was being prepared, struck a cherry tree—very hard, especially the Cyclops, who climbed up, and effectually scared away the wolf with the delicious fruit, which, though it was now the middle of August, was then just ripening at that height. At the lake we met a very pleasant young German, from Hamburg, and, as he was very desirous of joining our party up the Feldberg, we eagerly seized upon him to freshen up our German during the climb, he being equally glad of the opportunity to improve his English.

After dinner the eight and our friend kept on up the gradually ascending road, which was tantalizing in its length ; we had been gradually ascending ever since morning. A heavy rain fell now, and we were obliged to don the gauze rubber coats, which each carried rolled up in his “ pack,” and endure a dreary and wet climb until we reached the Feldberger Hof, upon the very summit, and which afforded most welcome shelter and refreshment. Later, a party of Americans arrived by carriage, and, as we sat at early evening meal, came in and sat down next us at the long table. The party consisted of a gentleman and three ladies, and, as they also were eating dinner, the Object, who happened to sit immediately beside the gentleman, noticed that he was “ violating the custom of the country ” by having no wine before him. So, thinking to break the ice, he offered him, in his most polite manner, a glass of wine.

A thunder-bolt could not have fallen with greater effect among the tramps, who, each and every one, were sipping their wine, than did the smiling reply of the gentleman :

“No, I thank you. My name is John B. Gough.”



“HOW ARE YOU,  
J. G. ?”

Expecting a temperance lecture, at once, eight glasses were quickly set upon the table, eight little bottles tightly corked ; but the only reproof administered was in the shape of one or two temperance stories, after the meal, in the midst of a host of amusing anecdotes, with which the genial reformer entertained us. We had the greatest difficulty, however, in making our German companion comprehend the character and calling of Mr. Gough, and when, at last, he grasped our meaning, he could scarce-

ly take his eyes from the temperance lecturer, and actually seemed to regard him as a peculiar species of madman.

Early in the evening, Cyclops had applied for a room, and had been shown to the room belonging to our German friend ; and, later, discovering the fact, he made application a second time, at about ten o'clock. Handsome, who accompanied him the second time he sought the proprietor, returned to us with the information :

“It was as good as a circus to see the Cyclops’ blank

expression, when informed that every room in the house was taken; and he asked, in wo-begone and despairing accents, if they couldn't 'give him a bed on earth,' in German, of course, and meaning thereby the *floor*."

Cyclops returned soon, much chagrined at his *lapsus linguæ*, for he was, by far, the best German-speaking tramp of the eight, and, together with the Poet, was relied upon for all emergencies. He had succeeded in securing a resting-place, and we retired, as usual putting out our walking-shoes, both as an insurmountable barricade against all invaders, and in order to give the "boots" healthful morning exercise. We met our American friends at breakfast, and were not displeased to find them in possession of a huge basket of grapes, apricots, etc., which they placed at our disposal, and which came in very acceptably for the wolf.

In the forenoon Mr. Gough was obliged to depart, on account of illness (result of Feldberg water?), much to our regret, as he carried off with him his fair companions—and the fruit.

All this time it had rained incessantly, and we were cooped up in our inn, unable to proceed on our way with any degree of comfort, much less to enjoy any view. During a lull in the storm, we started and were soon clambering down a steep and slippery path, at a rapid rate. After reaching the valley, we pushed along a road passing through numerous villages, and, now and then, getting a grateful glimpse of the sun.

At one village, at a very great height, a military festival was going on, and long before we reached it we heard the roaring of cannon; but, when we arrived there, discovered that the tremendous reports which we had heard had been from the discharges of small affairs of about one foot in length, but quite thick, and without any carriage or support of any kind, but rested upon a stone when fired.



IN SEARCH OF A VIEW.

A very small village, which rejoiced in the very large name of Haechenschwand, was the center of festivities, and every inn in the place was crowded with "milling-tery," and inclosed a wretched brass band, whose dismal notes seemed to rouse great enthusiasm. We stood on one side of the road, to watch pass a band of stalwart maidens, in robes of white, and strongly resembling so many oxen—as regarded walk and grace. They came in procession, and passed into one of the larger inns, where,



DOT LEEDLE GERMAN BAND AT HAECH-  
ENSCHWAND.

it may be presumed, they exercised themselves in tripping the light (?) fantastic toe, to music bad enough to make one long for an Italian, a monkey, and a good old Brooklyn hand-organ. We walked on to Tiefenhausen, where we found an antediluvian inn, at which we had, first, supper, with all the delicacies of the country, honey, milk, wine, cheese, eggs, etc. ; second, our lodging ;

and, third, a very good and abundant breakfast. Bill, one mark and sixty pfennigs—about forty cents—per tramp !



## IX.

### WE RISE IN THE WORLD.

ON our way, at six o'clock, through the Alb-thal, we were now enjoying a view the reverse of that from the bottom of the deep Hoellenthal, for now, from our elevation at the top of a gorge, we viewed from above the thickly-wooded crags, at whose feet, in the distance far below us, writhed the foam-flecked Alb, with here and there a picturesque fall. This morning we found that we had, in reality, "Lots of Time," as the train from Alb-bruch, our present destination, did not leave until about noon; so we stopped at every especially striking point of view as long as we chose. Beside our finely constructed road, now cut in the face of the solid rock, now tunneled through it, there grew quantities of berries, which now and then tempted delay. But, notwithstanding our slow stages and frequent stops, soon there was no sign of Cyclops, so we sat down to await him, and, after a long while, began to shout for him. Hearing no answering sound, we became very much alarmed lest he should have ventured too far while picking berries, and had fallen thousands of feet to the bottom of the gorge, and we were returning to search for his mangled remains—*when*, around a sharp turn in the road, we saw slowly appear,

first, a large foot, then, by degrees, the well known outlines of our long-lost one. Arrived at Neuhausen, we proceeded at once to the Schweitzer Hof terrace, from which a fine view of the falls is to be obtained; then we were ferried across the river, through the midst of the foaming rapids, and betook ourselves to an iron platform called "the Fischetz," erected directly at the foot of the falls, and the best possible place to get an idea of their volume. The water of the Rhine is here perfectly clear, and, when of any depth, has a most beautiful color—a soft shade of emerald green—and, as one looks up from this Fischetz at the crystal water, changing its green to a pure white, as it surges over the brink, and appears to be about to engulf him the very next instant, he forms no mean idea of the Falls of the Rhine, although, of course, they cannot be compared to Niagara. They are cascade-like, instead of ending in one sublime leap like Niagara, and are a mass of boiling, tossing foam, which surrounds three grim blocks of sand-stone in its center. The dazzling white of the foam had the same effect upon our eyes as a broad expanse of snow in the sunlight. We were sitting in a round tower with windows of colored glass, of various hues, through some of which the effect is very beautiful, when suddenly the Object said :

"I have an idea."

"Strange," said the tramps, as they assumed listening attitudes.

"Now, here are six of us who have pulled on the

University, class, or other crews. When we want to return to Holland we can float our six-oar here at the foot of the falls and row down the Rhine in sweeping style. Nancy is cut out for a model coxswain, and the Parson would make good ballast, or we could tow him behind with a string."

The plan not meeting with the Parson's full approval, we reluctantly abandoned it, and walked down toward Dachsen, where we took the train for Lucerne, the Poet, Nancy, and the Object stopping at Zürich, to climb the Uetliberg.

Their alpenstocks purchased, the trio strode through the streets of the beautiful city, with its handsome modern buildings, catching a few glimpses of its clear lake, dotted with pleasure boats, half making us decide to spend the afternoon on the water, instead of toiling up the mountain. We walked a long distance, and had a terrific encounter with an enormous dog, who rushed upon us with fearful growls; but we bravely overpowered him, with the aid of our alpenstocks, the dog being muzzled, and



SWISS PIPER.

his master near at hand, and calling him off. When the climb began, it was a very steep and tiresome one, up a stony foot-path, passing a stone with an inscription upon it, commemorating the fall and death here of a young Swiss explorer. The top soon reached, we had a silent panorama of the Alps spread out before us, and Rigi and Pilatus were especially interesting, as we expected to climb one or the other on the following day. The snow-clad peaks of the loftier mountains towered up in white purity, far away in all directions toward the south, and we felt that our climb had given us a fitting introduction to Switzerland. Below us lay the Lake of Zürich, with the city close beside it, and a few smaller sheets of water, surrounded by peaceful and fertile valleys. Waiting for the sunset, a much-vaunted wonder when seen from a mountain top, we took our path back to Zürich, while the soft light was still visible upon the summits of the highest peaks. Our satchel-like packs, small as they were, had proved a heating burden on the way up, and we would gladly have left them in the city, had we known that there was no path toward our destination down the other side of the Uetliberg. On our return, in the darkness, at one point we took the wrong road, and were given another long walk before we reached our hotel, beside the roaring river Limmat. We were given wretched rooms, on the top floor, but in the front of the house, and, upon our complaining and asking for better, the landlord replied :

"Those are fine rooms. You have from them a very fine, magnificent view!"

"Yes, but we don't care about the view. We leave to-morrow morning at five o'clock, and shall not have a minute to look at it. What we want is some more comfortable rooms."

"Oh, but those are nice rooms. Fine, magnificent view from the windows!"

In despair, we gave up our attempts to better our condition for the night, and turned away sadly, as we heard the victorious landlord saying:

"Fine rooms! Fine view!! Magnificent windows!!!"

Arising in time to catch a five-forty train, we sat in our car, which was a compromise between the American and German style, and felt in the best of spirits, for it was a lovely day, and the morning air was fresh and bracing. From the comparatively low level of Zürich, the mountains before us appeared to almost touch the heavens, and the Poet exclaimed:

"They fulfill my wildest, most daring, expectations, as they sparkle in mellow old Sol's earliest rays!"

"You *don't* say so!" said matter-of-fact Nancy.

We chatted of our good fortune in the day, in the weather in general since our landing, and of our enjoyment of the whole trip. By a turn in the conversation, the Object was led to observe:

"And have you noticed how very lucky we have been

in not forgetting any article of the least value? The only thing that has been left behind is the Cyclops' rubber coat, of gorgeous checked interior, and that leaving was a blessing to the whole party."

A few moments afterward, the Object felt for his constant and most necessary traveling companion, his guide-book, and, to his sorrow and chagrin, especially after the remark he had just made, found that he had left behind his Baedeker, the guide and director of the three, and the sole and utter dependence, upon which they were to trust for their every footstep between Zürich and the top of Rigi. Accordingly, the Poet was extremely amused at the strange, untimely self-congratulations. We reached the steamer at Zug, and enjoyed our ride over its pretty little lake very much. On board the steamer we found a young Englishman, whom we had met the day before in the cars, and who had then informed us that he was "twawveling third claas, ye know, because it's too beastly hot, ye know, to twawvel any othaw way."

There may have been some reason in that, as the third-class cars are much cooler than the others, by reason of their uncushioned seats; but here we found him traveling second-class on the steamer, and asking if there was no third, presumably because it was on the water, also, so much more beastly hot by first-class.

We met a very pleasant gentleman from Dayton, Ohio, and were talking with him about the beauties of the

lake, when he expressed a desire to know the name of a singular mountain in the distance, so he remarked :

“ I’ll just step up to one of these Dutchmen, and find out ;” and, much to our amusement and before we could prevent him, he bristled up to our Englishman (who had been standing within three feet of us, eagerly taking in everything that was said, and must have heard the last remark) and asked him :

“ Wie heist dieser Berg ?” (What is the name of this mountain ?)

The “ Britisher ” understood no German, and the Poet told our friend, in German, how things were situated, and he returned to us, much chagrined.

At the landing place at Arth we were met by Handsome, who conducted us to two things we were glad to find, the genial Cyclops and a good breakfast. We told them of our adventures, and the Poet enjoyed a hearty laugh, as he told the story of the Object and his guide-book—but, Donner-Wetter ! what suddenly checked him and made him turn pale ? Now the Poet had, at the beginning of our tramps, conceived the idea that he had need of a money-belt ; probably he had read of such a thing in the dime novels of his school-boy days. At any rate, he purchased one, and converted every cent of money he had for the trip into English sovereigns, and carried almost all of them in his belt. When chaffed by the tramps concerning his cumbrous leathern possession, he was wont to reply, with great equanimity :

“Oh, there’s nothing like a money-belt—for *safety*;” and deemed it so proven, when two of us, at different times, lost ten-mark pieces. He had bravely carried it around his slender waist, through all vicissitudes of storm, rain, and perspiration, of climbs, walks, and railroad rides, and now, at breakfast in Arth, in the midst of his amusement over the Object’s untimely speech in regard to never leaving anything behind, and, instanter, finding that he had left his guide-book, he faintly said :

“Fellows, I’ve left my money-belt.”

And, another strange coincidence, it was still the sad truth that the poor Poet had left almost every sovereign under his pillow, at Zürich, as spoils to be contended for by the rapacious chambermaid, and the equally rapacious bed-bug. He retraced his steps to the boat, amid the best wishes of the tramps for his success.

“It is an ill wind, etc.,” remarked the philosophic Object. “I’ll get my Baedeker now.”

As we started on our climb up Rigi, Nancy stopped to make some purchases, and, notwithstanding all the agitation over forgetting things, started out bravely, at a great rate of speed, suddenly bringing up with a jerk, to exclaim, “Well, I am afraid I really ought to take my pack with me,” and to retrace his steps to recover it. At last, we were fairly started up the smooth slopes at Rigi’s base, musical with the sound of the cow-bell and the jodel of the jolly Switzer boy, sweetly clear in the mountain air. Gradually the climb grew more tedious, steep, and



JOLLY SWITZER BOYS.

warm, and, after we had kept on for some time, the calculating Nancy exclaimed :

“ We must be almost exactly half-way up now, boys.”

We afterward discovered that, by the most liberal calculations, we were then about one-tenth of our way to the

summit. We hastened onward and upward, now and then stopping to bathe our wrists in the water of one of the numerous springs, so ice-cold that we could with difficulty use our hands for a moment after holding them in the clear stream, so numbed were the muscles made by its coldness. Wonderfully refreshed, we would spurt on for some distance, wait until we saw, far below us, the Cyclops, bounding upward from crag to crag, like an agile elephant; then, assured that he was coming, we would gather together coat, hat, pack, and alpenstock, and spurt on again. Now and then, a cheery voice would cry, "Almost up now, boys," until, finally, we lost our way, and, after making various experiments, found ourselves at the foot of a steep, grassy mound, almost as straight up and down as a wall, but which it was necessary to climb in order to proceed on our way. At one side were a few stones, which Handsome noticed, and succeeded in reaching the top without accident; but the Object, attempting the slippery, grassy ascent, lost his footing several times, and was saved only by his alpenstock from a fall of hundreds of feet, over the jagged rocks below. Twice he slipped down to the very end of the firmly-imbedded stick; twice he prepared for his last breath; when, by dint of finger-nails and stick, he at last reached the top of the slope, and sank down exhausted, his face blanched and his hair on end.

"To think of being killed on this *hill*," he sighed. "If it had been on the Matterhorn, or Monte Rosa, it

wouldn't have sounded so badly at home; but to have been dashed to pieces on the side of little Rigi—disgraceful!”

When he had recovered his breath, the two proceeded onward to further adventures, in cow-paths, and the dry beds of mountain streams, and at last caught a glimpse of the numerous hotels upon the summit, the railroads leading to them, and, last and most amazing, the tortoise Cyclops with Nancy, some distance ahead of them, by reason of their having kept to the right path. When the summit was reached, it rested us merely to drink in a view which beggared description; but the chief points of beauty, which, to a casual glance, stood out in relief, were, far, far below, at a distance that softened every outline, on all sides, the lovely lakes, of varied shapes, but all of the same clear blue, as bright as the azure of the heavens, and looking like stolen bits of cloudless summer sky. Around them and us rose giant hills of vast masses, and with forest-covered or rocky sides, and, in the background, the white-capped summits of the more distant Alps. The picture was a sublime one, that gave one an overpowering sense of littleness, yet charmed him by its sweet beauty, surpassing its grandeur.

But the chilly air and gathering clouds warned us that we must hasten on our way down to Weggis; so we sauntered about the summit to take last glimpses of the views, from different points, when, behold, there was our Britisher again! He accosted us, to tell us all

the particulars of a bath he had been taking in "this beastly mountain water, ye know, and I cawn't get the soap out of me hair any ways, ye know. Quite a choinge from London water."

We hastily bade him good-bye, and started cheerily, with runs and jumps that left the Cyclops far in the rear, and, after being hugely cheated on some drinks—of milk—at a place beside the path, we kept on our way, and passed numbers of young Englishmen in knickerbockers. One very swell one had a servant to carry his pack, coat, and hat, and he walked up unencumbered and easily, but followed by his lackey, puffing, and purple in the face. We made a great brace to catch a steamer which we saw headed for Weggis, but ran for a long distance, all in vain. Just near the very foot of the mountain, we passed a man who had accomplished, possibly, the thousandth part of his way to the summit, yet, at that early stage, much distressed for breath, sat beside the path, and anxiously inquired :

"How far is it to the top?"

We reached Lucerné to find the Parson and Bug on the quay, and to learn that the various packages sent by us, *Poste Restante*, from Bonn, had safely arrived. The Object was astonished by being presented with the veritable old straw hat which he had tried so hard to throw away at Bonn; but had been frustrated by the well-meaning but stupid hotel-keeper, who, in forwarding the other articles, had included this. At our hotel we re

ceived a telegram addressed to "Herr Bug, and Gang," and were relieved to know that the Poet and money-



"WHEN WE REACHED THE  
SUMMIT," ETC.

belt were safely on top of the Rigi. When he arrived next morning, it was raining hard, and we were all writing up our journals at the hotel; and, after greetings were over, he joined us and asked how we had tried to describe the Rigi. Each one of us had now made the ascent, and, in answer to his question, each, as the Poet came to him, allowed him to read the written description. He started with Handsome's, and copied a few lines, next took up the Parson's, and made a few notes, and so with each one. When he had finished, he sat back in

his chair and laughed merrily, saying:

"Let me read you a few fragments of the descriptions of the view:—Number One—'When at length we gained the top, we gazed on the lovely scene around us, and felt fully repaid for our exertions, in its beauty,' etc.

“Number Two—‘At last we are at the very top, and, though our labors have been wearying, we feel fully recompensed for them, by the glorious view before us,’ etc.

“Number Three—‘When we got to the tip-top of the hill, we gathered our weary bones together to take a look at the scenery. In that look we felt amply repaid for our day’s treadmill work,’ etc.

“Number Four—‘Finally we reached the highest point of Rigi, and felt that our exertions, though great, were now fully rewarded in the grand landscape,’ etc., etc.

“Number Five—‘As we gazed and gazed (and, I may add, gazed) at the lovely panorama spread out before us, we confessed ourselves amply repaid for our exertions,’ etc.

“Numbers Six and Seven almost ditto. Now this harmonious crowd seems to have wonderful unanimity of expression. Some one told me that nine people out of ten would say that ‘they felt fully repaid,’ etc., so I determined to experiment, and see how true it might be. Let us have a little more variety on the next mountain.”

“Poet,” grimly asked the Judge, “did some one speak of that to you, after you had written your own description?”

“Yes; I wrote up my journal last night at the Rigi-Kulm, before retiring, and I had the conversation referred to with a young Englishman on the boat this morning.”

“’Tis well that such is the case,” replied the Judge:

“for allow me to read a short extract from your own note-book, which you have carelessly left open upon the table beside me.”

The Poet attempted to suppress the reading, but was smothered by cries of “Hear, hear! Free press! Free speech!” and the Judge proceeded with his reading:

“*Number Eight*—‘I toiled wearily up the last few rods of the ascent, to gain the long-awaited summit. But when I looked from it, one quick glance assured me that *my labors were fully requited in the soothing loveliness of the scene before me,*’ etc.”

“Requited is good—better far than any word we used; but, the next time you try to get off any grind on this literary crowd, steer your own pen very carefully, Poet,” maliciously commented the Cyclops.

The rain moderating, we started out to see the Lion of Lucerne, a monument to the Swiss Guard, who fell at the hands of a Parisian revolutionary mob, and a perfect representation of massive strength overcome and suffering. A huge lion is dying, pierced by a shaft which has entered his side and broken off, and lies, at full length, with an expression of such sublime anguish marking his features, that it calls forth pity for the very stone. The whole is carved in the unblasted sandstone of the cleft side of a hill, one half having been removed to leave standing the half in which is sculptured the allegory. The model, Thorwaldsen’s own work, is exhibited near at hand, and, also, a garden containing very interesting marks of the



THORWALDSEN'S LION OF LUCERNE.

glacier period, in the shape of huge, spiral apertures, bored in the solid rock by the action of stones whirled around by the waters under the glacier. These "mills" were found in their present situation, which was once the "abode" of a glacier, and are exhibited with the grinders, or mill-stones, worn smooth and round by their erosion.

Walking along the quay of Lucerne, we passed shop-windows filled with wonders of carving, painting, and jewelers' work ; and while Handsome and the Object left the rest of the tramps at one of the stores, to give their

attention to the dispatching of various articles *post-restante* to Geneva, they missed the boat which had been agreed upon for departure. Returning sadly to their hotel, they found none of the tramps there except Nancy, who had been equally unfortunate with themselves.

---

## X.

## A STROLL OVER THE ST. GOTHARD.

WE arose, next morning, at an early hour, and, boarding the early boat, were given a most delightful sail along the entire length of Lake Lucerne, with its unsurpassed scenery. We watched gloomy and rugged Pilatus, and the sunny slopes of Rigi, with Lucerne's quay, bridges, and quaint, old towers fade away, with regret at leaving. Meanwhile, we supposed that the advance division of the tramps would either await us in Flüelen, or would leave word there for our guidance; so, when the pleasant ride was over, we made inquiries at various places, until we found the one where the tramps had spent the night previous, and learned that they were to push on to Andermatt that day. Accordingly, the trio followed, and soon reached Altdorf, where we saw the statue upon the spot where Mr. W. Tell fired that arrow, and another monument, in the shape of a fountain, erected by some insignificant village magistrate, who gave himself away to

posterity as a monstrously ugly old man, whereas, had he refrained from advertising his appearance by his statue

(which surmounts the fountain), no one would ever have known of his hideousness, for they certainly would never have heard of him. This modest tomb-stone marks the spot where the unflinching Tell, Filius, stood while Tell, Pater, shot that apple from his head, with his little cross-bow. On the way down the lake, we had passed "Tell's Chapel," on the spot where he had leaped from Gessler's boat.

Near Wasen, sixteen miles from Altdorf, we were obliged to take shelter from the heavy rain in an old saw-mill, where we passed the time in napping on the soft sides of three pine planks. With joy, at Lucerne, had we discarded our packs,

and forwarded them to Geneva, and the baggage of each now consisted of : No. 1, comb ; No. 2, tooth-brush ; No. 3, soap ; No. 4, alpenstock. In addition to these, an extra handkerchief and a pen, per man, and one guide-



THE HEIGHTS.

book for the party, were not deemed worthy of being dignified by the name of baggage.

At every fresh start, we would count our individual possessions, and if the number was four—all right. Poor Nancy, while asleep in the saw-mill, had, unfortunately, dropped his tooth-brush and pen out of his pocket, and, neglecting to count up upon departing, was obliged to leave them behind, to be seized upon by the natives as unknown and wonderful curiosities. Our kindly-meant offers to lend him the former article were repulsed with dignified silence.

The scenery along the well-built road was imposing, and the cast given it by the darkness of the storm rather enhanced than lessened its beauty.

We passed the ruins of Gessler's castle, and, giving orders at our inn to be called at half-past four in the morning, we retired, intending to make an early start, and catch up with "the rest of the mob," before their departure from Andermatt. When the call came, we awoke to find, as we judged from the darkness and a loud pattering sound, a furious rain-storm in full blast; so we turned over in disgust, and went to sleep again.

When we next awoke, Handsome went to his window, and discovered that the sound which we had taken for the pouring of rain was made by a cascade near the hotel; and we roused ourselves, dressed hurriedly, and were soon enjoying the wildest and most gloomy scenery of our trip. From Flüelen, we had walked, almost tracing the river

Reuss, and as yet we had not seen a spot in its course where its waters were not in a state of the most violent commotion. Now running in rapids far down in a deep gorge, now falling in picturesque cascades from far above us, with the giant mountains framing it, it formed an ever-changing, ever-pleasing, living picture. We passed through strange villages, with houses adorned with faded frescoes representing conspiracies and conspirators, as well as the deeds of heroes. We walked by the works of the



KEEPING THE SABBATH AT A SWISS INN.

St. Gothard tunnel, where the air is compressed by water, for its use in driving the rock-boring machines.

Some distance beyond this point, we came to the

“Devil’s Bridge,” a romantic old structure crossing the Reuss, and built over the ruined arch of an abandoned bridge. The scene here was one of the wildest desolation which bare rocks, with abrupt outlines and dark cliffs, brooding over a roaring fall of turbid water, can produce. On through the ravine, now crossing the river, now following its banks, meeting frequent carriages laden with tourists, we reached Andermatt, where we expected surely to find the five tramps. We learned, from the smiling young hostess of a cozy inn, that they were at Hospenthal, the next village, and hastened thither, but to find no traces of them.

We had long cherished a strong desire to see ITALY before our tramps should end ; so now, as we had lost the five, and knew not of their precise plans, except that they were bound for the Rhone glacier, we three, amid great enthusiasm, determined to take the branch of the road leading over the St. Gothard. Another dismal rain kept us at Hospenthal until four o’clock in the afternoon, when we started out at a brisk pace, to make up for our frequent delays.

The road soon entered a region of the greatest desolation imaginable. On both sides of us rose summits almost utterly destitute of any vegetation whatever, and with their bases covered with a kind of shingle. Not a tree nor shrub to relieve the eye, and the scene actually forced upon us a complete sense of loneliness and dreariness. Even the sullen roar of the Reuss as it rushed

along in the midst, was pleasant and cheerful in the barren waste, and almost filled the place of another companion.

After some miles of this grand and almost awful scenery, we reached the Rodont bridge, which carried us for the last time across the river which we had traced from its mouth to within a short distance of its source, and here we turned aside for a few moments, for an excursion to Lake Lucendro, nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level. A climb over huge, shapeless masses of rock, and a scramble up some slippery banks, brought us to the lovely, clear-green lake, and we looked up at our first glaciers, in the gorges of the snow-covered mountains which completely girdle the little lake, and add charms to its beauty from the contrast of their silver sides and peaks with the brightness of its water.

The snow generally remains upon the road itself during all the summer, but we found none. The whole region which we had traversed was rich in its wonderful water, and all the numerous wayside pools and streams were so perfectly transparent that a pin could have been seen in them at a great depth and distance, and the water of the springs was the most frigid ice-water, sweeter than the best of wines. We were much tempted to indulge in its immoderate use, and were obliged to fix a limit of a certain number of draughts per day, to control our intemperate longings. The road, still ascending, at last reached

its highest point—about seven thousand feet—and we rejoiced to travel down hill, for a change.

At a small village near the summit, we saw several fine specimens of the celebrated St. Bernard breed of dogs, and, on the alert for anything Italian, noticed a diminutive donkey, with all the grand superfluity of harness which characterizes the orthodox donkey in pictures of anything Italian.

Passing by several small lakes, the road descends in numerous and intricate windings that are wonderful. Terrace after terrace rose up behind us, as we rapidly passed downward, and presented the appearance of some vast system of fortifications, as the road *ran parallel to itself* again and again.

At the end of our seventeenth mile from Hospenthal, we reached Airolo, shortly after seven o'clock, and were furnished with slippers and smiles by our hostess of the Posta. Next morning, we had finished our breakfast, and were ready for departure at half-past five, our earliest starting time, requiring us to rise at cold half-past four.

During all this time, we had found that our slight knowledge of German had fully sufficed to make known all our wants, as it had been spoken at every inn at which we had sojourned. In Lucerne, we had visited the Schweitzer Hof, to glance over the register there, and see if any friends were at hand, and, as we entered the office of the hotel, we saw a burly Englishman turning over the pages of one of the number of large books in the room.

As he left it, the Object stepped up to him, and, touching his hat, politely asked :

“Is that the register, sir?”

To which our Englishman, first elevating the senseless single eye-glass, and surveying him from top to toe, replied, gruffly :

“Don’t know!” Although he had been monopolizing it for some time. The Object replied, calmly :

“I thank you, sir,” and, mentally resolving to trouble no more English tourists with questions, turned to the book, which he found to be the register, examined the names entered, and, discovering those of several friends, sent up his pasteboard.

The next day we found our polite Englishman on the same boat with us, and, at Flüelen, he took a private conveyance. Upon stopping for dinner at a small inn, we found himself and lady there, and they expressed their astonishment at our reaching the place so soon, and, hearing us give our orders in German, they became very cordial, and asked us to order certain things for them, as they could not speak the language at all. They expressed the greatest admiration for our fluency (?), whereat we smiled inwardly, conscious that it was confined to a vocabulary of the smallest possible size. Then they began to question us about America, and the fair dame remarked :

“I would like to visit the country very much; but I know that I could never endure it,” giving the—to us—

incomprehensible reason therefor, "for I always *like good things to eat.*"

Her spouse, learning that one of our number was from Detroit, Michigan, first asked him about the buffaloes, grizzlies, and Indians of that village, and then said :

"So you are from Michigan, are you? Why, you must know a friend of mine there, Hugh McCullough—he keeps a saw-mill !"

Here at Airolo we had struggled bravely with our German, and had, with some difficulty, made ourselves intelligible to our fair hostess ; when, just as we were about to pay our bill, an American gentleman entered the room, and addressed some question to her, which, to our utmost surprise, she answered in the best of English. We had not even thought of the possibility of her speaking our own language, in which we then made our final arrangements with her, and learned that she was more thoroughly conversant with it than with any but Italian, although, in addition to these, she spoke German and French.

Receiving her farewell good wishes with thanks, we walked along the southern slopes of the St. Gothard, which are lovely beyond description in varied scenes, having upon them the breath of near "Sunny Italy." Soon we reached the river Ticino, and began an experience, the reverse of that with the gloomy Reuss. The day was perfect—a most agreeable change after five days, all of which had been partly rainy—and we were up early

enough to behold, first, a beautiful moonlight scene, and then a radiant sunrise. In the rear, forming a complete background to the view of the valley, rose a lofty peak of a reddish-brown color, capped with virgin snow, and standing out firmly against the clear blue sky.

As the cold moonlight gradually verged into the conquering sunshine, first the very tip of the summit gleamed with the changed light, and, gradually, the whole peak became warmer in its colors, and was rendered more distinct in its finer outlines, by the light of a glorious day with a cloudless sky.

In the valley itself was a smiling confusion of all the shades of green which luxuriance of foliage can yield, and a long succession of thickly-shrubbed mountains and countless cascades, some appearing fine threads of white, thrown carelessly among the trees, and others like enormous icicles pendant from the cliffs. Here and there, campanili, or towers, slender and lofty, in the Lombard style, and cottages upon the heights, looked as though they might have been toys dropped wantonly from a giant hand far above, some falling in clusters, others widely separate, to dot the landscape far and wide. As the rays peeped over the tops of the mountains, the bright tints, fresh with dew, became brighter still, and, at last, we had the full light upon a landscape rich and fair.

Beyond Dazio Grande, we entered a narrow and rocky ravine, through whose floor of massive rock the Ticino has pierced a slender passage, and, from the lowest point

of the ravine, a series of cataracts of remarkable beauty is presented, forming our most beautiful bit of cascade scenery.

And now we seemed to come closer and closer into fair Italy's embrace. Scattered upon either hand were masses of brown rocks, at whose feet swelled chestnut trees of dense leafage; the mulberry, the fig, and the vine were neighbors; and the very stones seemed fruitful, so rich was the profusion about them. Some lovely cascades were particularly noticeable, among their hundred fellows, for a close resemblance to bridal veils of flowing lace and finest texture.

Suddenly Nancy sat down upon a rock, drew forth his note-book, and, holding it before him, began to weep.

"What ails the poor babe?" tenderly asked Handsome.

"Used—up—all—my adjectives," said Nancy, with mock sobs.

"What?"

"Yes, here I have gone and used up all the adjectives expressive of any kind of beauty in the English language, and all upon things which we have already seen, in Germany and Switzerland, and now that I need my best ones, I haven't any left."

"Same case," returned the Object, dejectedly. "I've used 'beautiful' so often that I am tired of the sight of it, and the word is beginning to mean much less, to me, than it did."

"Hold!" cried Handsome. "Have you tried 'scrump-tious'?"

"No."

"Well, you just tackle that, next time, and if it don't relieve your feelings, I am much mistaken. I don't know what it means, but I have heard young ladies make use of it, and now it seems to fill an aching void."

The words of our old German teacher came forcibly to our memories, "It is to *see*. It is not to tell. You must see him for yourself." And so it was. The scene could not be adequately described.

And now we had more tumblings by the Ticino and assistants, not to mention cascades, of which we had seen so many that we scarcely more than glanced at them.

"The Cyclops' description of Switzerland, as he imagined it, when walking in the Black Forest, was just about the thing, after all," remarked the Object. "'Mountains three times higher'n these, and cascades leapin' around all over!!!' I cannot understand why most of the Latin nouns meaning stream should be masculine. I could easily explain it, if it were but feminine; couldn't you, Handsome?"

"Oh, yes," ecstatically replied the unsuspecting lover of the female sex. "Because it is so beautiful!"

Alas, only to be disgusted by the reply:

"Of course not. Because it has, usually, a waterfall."

"Pooh," said Nancy, scornfully, "don't you know any better than that? Why, as little as I know about the

ladies, I do know that those abominations called 'waterfalls' have been out of fashion for many years."

"Well," returned the Object, hating to be cheated out of his joke (?), "fashion, like history, repeats itself, you know, and I rather imagine that waterfalls will continue to be the style among the streams until they come in again among the women."

"How long do you expect that will be?"

"From present appearances, I should say fifty years, perhaps."

"Well," said the critical Nancy, "I have my opinion of a man who makes jokes that won't be good for a half a century!"

But the shocked Handsome refused to carry on any conversation with the irreverent Object for some time.

As we approached Biasca, we saw ahead a pedestrian, under full sail of huge umbrella, large pack, field-glasses, and walking-stick, and sauntering along with great easiness of gait.

"How I envy that fellow, whoever he is," said the Object, who had recovered from his temporary disgrace. "See how lightly he trips along, unencumbered with useless luggage, while we poor wayfarers toil along in the heat of the sun, bent double under the weight of tooth-brush and comb."

Soon our stranger stopped to examine a bell-tower which was wavering to and fro, as its bells rang, and we caught up with him to find that he was our Cockney of

Lake Zug and the Rigi. He had come down to Italy for a "choinge," and was very proud of the ten miles he had walked that morning. So Handsome informed him, in a careless tone, that we had come from Airolo that morning :

"Only twenty-two miles to this point. Very poor, very poor! *Must* do better, boys. Only about four miles and a half an hour."

And, hoping either to rid ourselves of him, or else to give him a lively shaking up, we started at a tremendous rate of speed, which he with difficulty sustained, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing him fall gradually behind. So to "show-off," we—although it must be confessed that we were somewhat exhausted—raced on, thinking that a town which we saw near at hand was Biasca, and, with a killing spurt at the end, we stopped there only to find that it was not our dining-place, after all. Half-dead, but bound not to yield to a British foe, we pushed on, and, after another similar performance and disappointment, we reached our hotel, and, heated and dripping as we were, found refreshment in cool water for our hands and faces.

When beside the Ticino, we had stopped and taken a dip in the rushing stream, in order to add one more to the list of our romantic bathing-places. The current was so swift and the stream so shallow, that we were compelled to cling to large stones to prevent our being carried downward, at a rate more rapid than agreeable. The water was very cold, and our bath quite refreshing, as was also

the "bald-headed cheek," as Handsome termed it, of the horse-flies, who feasted upon us while we dressed. After dinner at Biasca, we rested from our walk of forty-two miles in the last nine hours of walking, and in the afternoon took the train *via* Bellinzona, for Locarno. So did the Cockney!

---

## XI.

## NORTH ITALIAN LAKES AND CITIES.

It seemed hard to realize that we were still in Switzerland, so thoroughly Italian did everything seem. At one depot, we were in a waiting-room where we heard five different languages spoken inside of as many minutes by various people in the room—Italian, French, German, Rumanish, and English, the first four all being in use in different parts of Switzerland.

We ran through the valley of the Ticino, and at last saw our first Italian lake, Maggiore—although the town of Locarno is still Swiss. The lake was quite wide, and very much as we had pictured it, surrounded by slopes thick with lemon, orange, fig, and chestnut trees, and thickly-clustering vineyards, where the vines, almost trees in size, were supported upon tall columns of roughly-cut stone, and the vineyards looked very unlike those of Germany, which an acquaintance of ours had noticed while

on his steamboat trip up the Rhine, and had taken them for, and afterwards described them as—"fields of corn." It is astonishing how far imagination can sometimes carry people. Another acquaintance, a lady, informed her American friends that:

"She knew, the moment that the train carried her across the border, that she was in Italy. She recognized at once those waving fields of macaroni!"

Taking our afternoon swim in the clear waters of Maggiore, we stroked ourselves far from shore, and, "treading water," turned in all directions for the prospect—a novel mode of sight-seeing, but a very good one.

Our Cockney had clung to us like a Brother, and in order to make him afford us some return for the infliction of his company, we pursued with him a course of the most scientific "stuffing." Hearing a dog bark, in an inclosure beside the road, our friend took occasion to express his terror of the animal, especially when one was walking alone; whereat the guileless Handsome asked, in tones of surprise:

"Why don't you kill them, when they rush at you?"

"What! kill big dawgs?" exclaimed our friend, in tones of horror.

"Why, yes, of course. We killed twenty-three in Germany—let me see. Was it twenty-two or twenty three?"

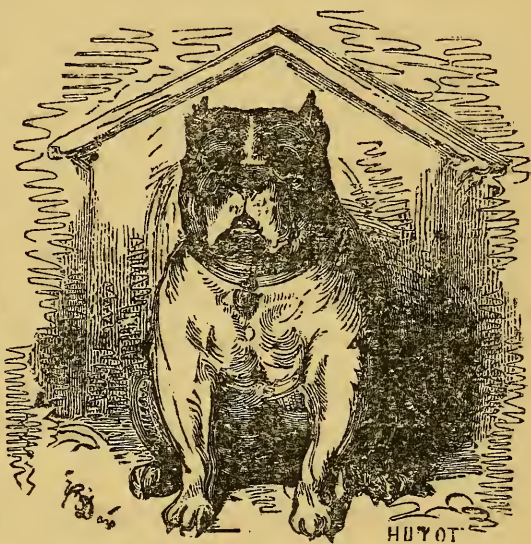
"Twenty-three," said Nancy, solemnly.

"Oh, yes, so it was. Twenty-three."

"Does it take a very 'ard 'it to knock 'em over, now?"

"Yes, rather. When they jump for you, just thump them well over the head, and they topple over easily enough."

Cockney eagerly drank in his instructions, and looked his admiration at that *nonchalant* dog-slayer, Handsome, who has been known to run half a mile to get away from a New Haven goat.



ONE OF HANDSOME'S VICTIMS.

In the early evening we took the steamer along the lovely lake, past the Borromean Islands, with some magnificent old chateaux, partly in ruins, but in part still occupied, and all erected in a style of great splendor, and surrounded by gardens rising in terrace above terrace, and filled with choice tropical trees. We sailed on in the evening light, until the moon rose, when our ride became most romantic, the mere fact that we were upon Maggiore by moonlight arousing both sentiment and enthusiasm.

Reaching Arona, we took the train for Milan, and arrived there just in time for breakfast. While walking

from the depot through the streets of this charming city, we felt most uncomfortably conspicuous as we carried our alpenstocks—and nothing else, and so we determined to take the first hotel which met our eyes. It proved to be the “Grand Hotel de Milano;” but, perfectly reckless, we walked in, with dignity handed over our luggage, and were taken to our rooms by elevator.

It seemed almost bewildering to be once more in a civilized hotel, and, although our sudden rise to elegance almost frightened us, we assumed the grandee style of bearing, and felt quite complimented when an English gentleman spoke of us, in our hearing, as members of the party of a very nice-looking American lady, who chanced to sit next us at *table-d’hôte*.

We sauntered from our hotel toward the ever-visible cathedral, “the eighth wonder of the world,” and, on our way, everything which the bright morning offered was full of interest in lively, wide-awake Milan.

The ladies were very charming, as they moved lightly to mass, wearing no hats, but graceful mantillas of black lace, performing at once the services of head-dress and shawl, and fastened in black hair dressed in the most coquettish fashion, and setting off rich olive complexions and dark eyes in a most bewitching manner. The first lovely women whom we had seen, their whole appearance was so unmistakably that of the warm South, that had we not known that we were in Milan, we could with difficulty have decided whether we were in Spain or Italy.

The lavish profusion of fruit was not long unnoticed, nor the confectioners' windows, where were displays surpassing even those of New York, with glacéd fruit of all varieties—fresh figs, slices of pine-apple, orange, and lemon, luscious grapes and fresh almonds. All the stores were open, although it was Sunday morning, and hurrying crowds thronged the thoroughfares. The gentlemen were, as a rule, darkly handsome, and of fine figures.

“How easily one could imagine himself in Madrid,” said Nancy, as he glanced at the Spanish-like ladies with their dainty little slippers and their mantillas, and the dark-eyed, long-mustachioed men, most of them smoking long, slender cigars. These articles are here about eight inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter, and have a straw inserted in their very centers, to create an easy draught. The government has a monopoly of them, and they are very poor, although good imported cigars can be purchased at low rates.

We walked through the Piazza della Scala, where is a handsome monument to Da Vinci, which directly faces the magnificent gallery of Victor Emmanuel, a cruciform building with a vast roof of glass, covering rows of attractive shops and cafés. In the evening this handsome arcade is lighted up by means of innumerable jets of gas, and in the large dome, ornamented by allegorical frescoes, a circle of fine jets is lighted by complicated machinery. The windows of the silk stores were especially attractive. Around numerous small tables, placed upon the marble pavement

in front of the cafés, sit, morning and evening, crowds of people. They have a custom of eating, in the morning, ices that are but half-frozen, called granite; but in the evening the sorbetti, or frozen-hard ices, can alone be procured. We waited for the world-renowned Venetian ices, before using up any adjectives upon those of Milan. Leaving the gallery by its front entrance, the glorious Gothic cathedral burst upon our sight, and, after viewing it from all sides, we entered, to spend the morning in examining the architecture and the usual cathedral sights—rare stained glass, valuable bronzes, and elegant and startling monuments, one of which was a statue of Saint somebody in a very indecent condition, as he wore not even his skin, except as a mantle thrown over his flayed shoulders. It brought tears to the eyes of even the hard-hearted Handsome, who expects to be a physician. His remark was "What a fine 'subject'!"

We had the pleasure of witnessing a grand procession around the interior, in which numbers of priests and altar boys took part, carrying the rich cathedral plate, gold-embroidered canopies, and enormous wax tapers.

After lunch and a *siesta*, we set forth in quest of Leonardo da Vinci's world-famous "Last Supper," and, after considerable difficulty, discovered it in an obscure corner of an old monastery now used as barracks. The painting is a fresco upon the end wall of the former refectory, and is now in quite a ruinous condition, but showing through all its dimness and semi-obliteration strong traces

of its old-time glory. Perhaps it was because we knew that it was an acknowledged master-piece, and had seen so many copies of it, that we really enjoyed an hour before it.

We spent the evening in the Public Gardens, which are such as any one would expect in Italy's luxuriance, and are a favorite resort of the fascinating Milanese.

Next morning we proceeded to climb the high cathedral tower, stopping, now and then, for glances at the intricate architectural wonders around us. We reached the top of the first lofty flight; crossed the roof of solid marble; and completed the ascent to the very top, from whence were visible the distant Alps and Apennines, some of whose hoary old monarchs thrust their bleached heads far up into the morning sunlight.

Yet the mountains, and the palaces and churches of the city sank almost into insignificance before the maze beneath us—flying buttresses, turrets, and spires, of finest cutting, and those of recent construction, of the purest white. The countless statues surmounting the pinnacles of the spires were all works of art, from the hands of the best Italian masters of centuries ago down to the present time. The marble roof, in its extensions, and the general solidity of the whole structure, gave one a much more agreeable impression than the fragility of Strasbourg; while the soft color, the richness of detail, and the graceful dome pleased the eye more than the purer Gothic cathedral of Cologne. Upon descending, we were actually

lost for a few moments, and found the right staircase only after a long search.

Starting across the spacious Plaza in front of the cathedral, lo! once more did we behold our Cockney, coming directly toward us. We had shaken him off upon entering the city; but now he planted himself before us, and commenced a glowing account of the supper which he had enjoyed, the evening previous, for "only ten-pence 'alf-penny!" But he was interrupted by one of the numerous venders of photographs approaching and importuning him, to be rewarded by a heavy blow and a push from the Britisher, which caused us to leave him in disgust.

Upon our early, morning arrival in Milan, while stopping to examine the city map in our Baedeker, a young Italian, with a huge basket upon his back, stopped squarely in front of us, and only about two feet distant, and eyed us in such an insolent manner that it made our fingers tingle to reach him. But this assault upon the view boy was so wholly unprovoked, and the urchin was so small, that we were indignant, and, with much pleasure, bade a final good-by to our ever-returning bad penny.

We betook ourselves to the Breda, a handsome building with a large court in its center, in which latter stands a colossal statue of Napoleon I., by Canova. The picture gallery was very interesting, containing, of most note, Raphael's "Spozalizio," or Nuptials of the Virgin, a comparatively small painting, of rich coloring and smooth

execution ; Da Vinci's study of a head for the Saviour in the "Last Supper," a most expressive personification of benignant humility ; and Titian's "St. Jerome," a wild picture of an almost fiercely barbarous old hermit.

We boarded the early afternoon train for Como, and were soon afloat upon the waters of its lovely lake. The little town of Como is interesting in a cathedral which is really a fine structure, but which we did not twice glance at after Milan's. Pliny the younger and Volta were both born here (not in the cathedral, but in the town).

The lake was so narrow and the hills so lofty and closely girding that we seemed to be upon a beautiful broad river of azure color, and a great charm of the ride was that, as we rounded each promontory in succession, the old view was shut out behind us, and a new one ahead, which had before been entirely hidden, was opened in all its fullness. All along the thick-clad mountain slopes the olive was remarkably plentiful, and was easily distinguished by its peculiar shade—a dull green, approaching a gray. Scattered along the shores, upon both sides, were elegant villas, the summer residences of wealthy Italian and English aristocrats, and their well-kept grounds presented a luxuriance of Italy's most fair trees and flowers. The magnolia, covered with rich blossoms, vied with the fig and the olive ; the chestnut and the lemon, with the sweetly-blossoming orange. Along the very edge of the lake were numerous stone arches, the entrances to the boat-houses under the banks, and numbers of gayly decked

boats, some rowed by ladies, some by handsomely uniformed boatmen belonging to the various villas, made a sprinkling of dots of color upon the blue of the lake. The ordinary boats of traffic were very peculiar, yet not ungraceful, with one lofty and narrow sail very near the bow and very rudely constructed. The scene was sunny and dreamy, and Como surpassed the Swiss lakes in the soft outlines of its hills and the brilliancy of its vine, tree, and shrub-covered banks; but the grandeur of Lucerne is not to be approached by even the loveliness of Como.

We reached Bellagio, situated where the two long arms of the lake meet, and we arose at two o'clock, took a guide, and were rowed in a small boat to Cadennabbia to make the ascent of Monte Cotaiga, starting at this ghostly hour in order to avoid the intense heat of climbing in Italian day-time.

After a fatiguing climb in the faint light, up mere cow paths, at times, and over slippery rocks at others, we reached the summit between seven and eight o'clock. The view resembled that of the Rigi, in its azure lakes and distant snow-peaks, but, from the greater height, the objects beneath us seemed somewhat more indistinct. Our guide was a stupid Italian, speaking only the most broken English, and scarcely opening his mouth except to speak of the direction to be pursued; but the way he could climb up the mountain side was wonderful and mysterious, and our pride forced us to keep pace with him. How we missed the lagging Cyclops! We made the descent

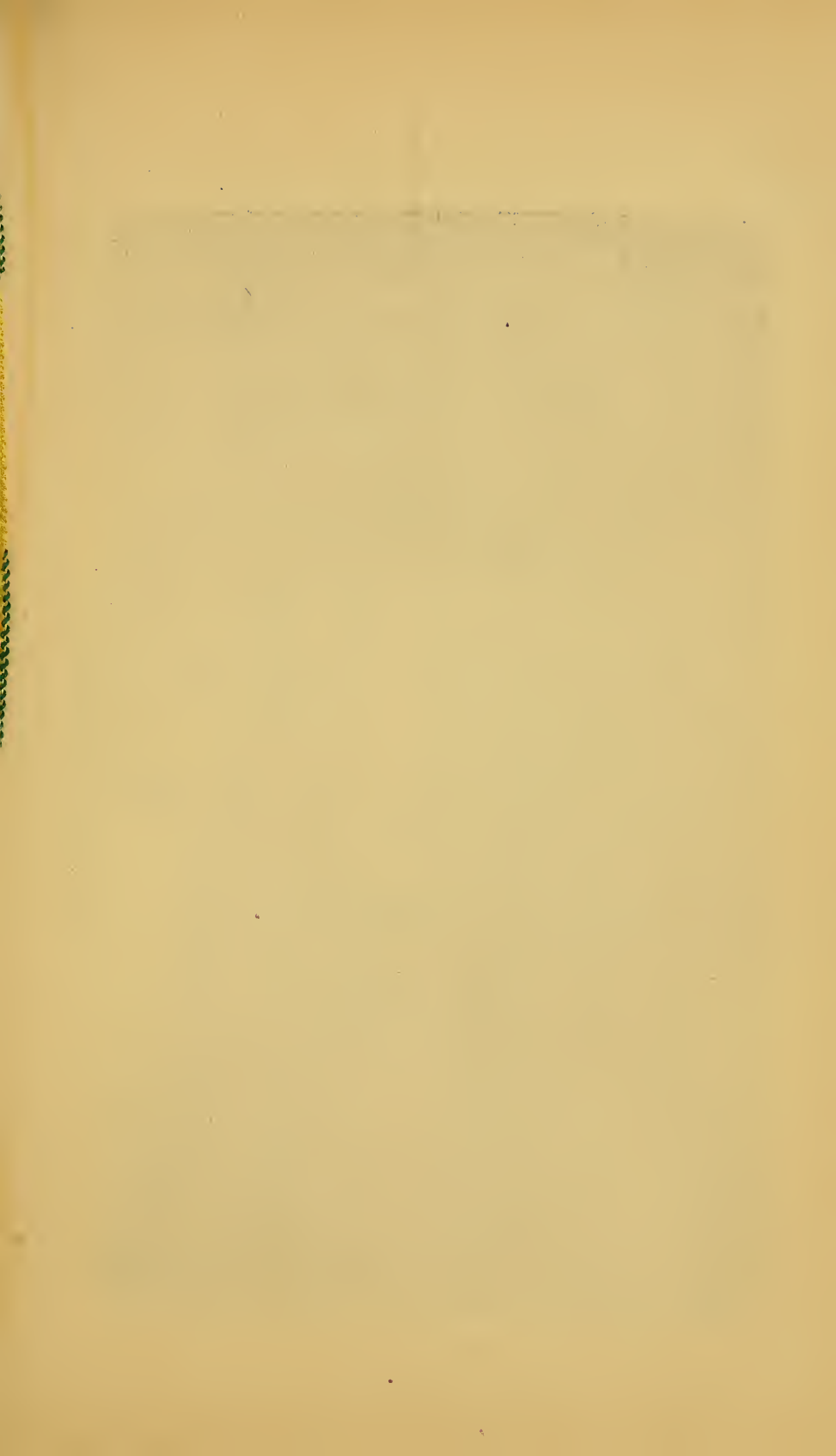
after an hour's rest upon the summit, and, rapidly and easily going down, we were at Cadenabbia in time to take the boat for Lecco.

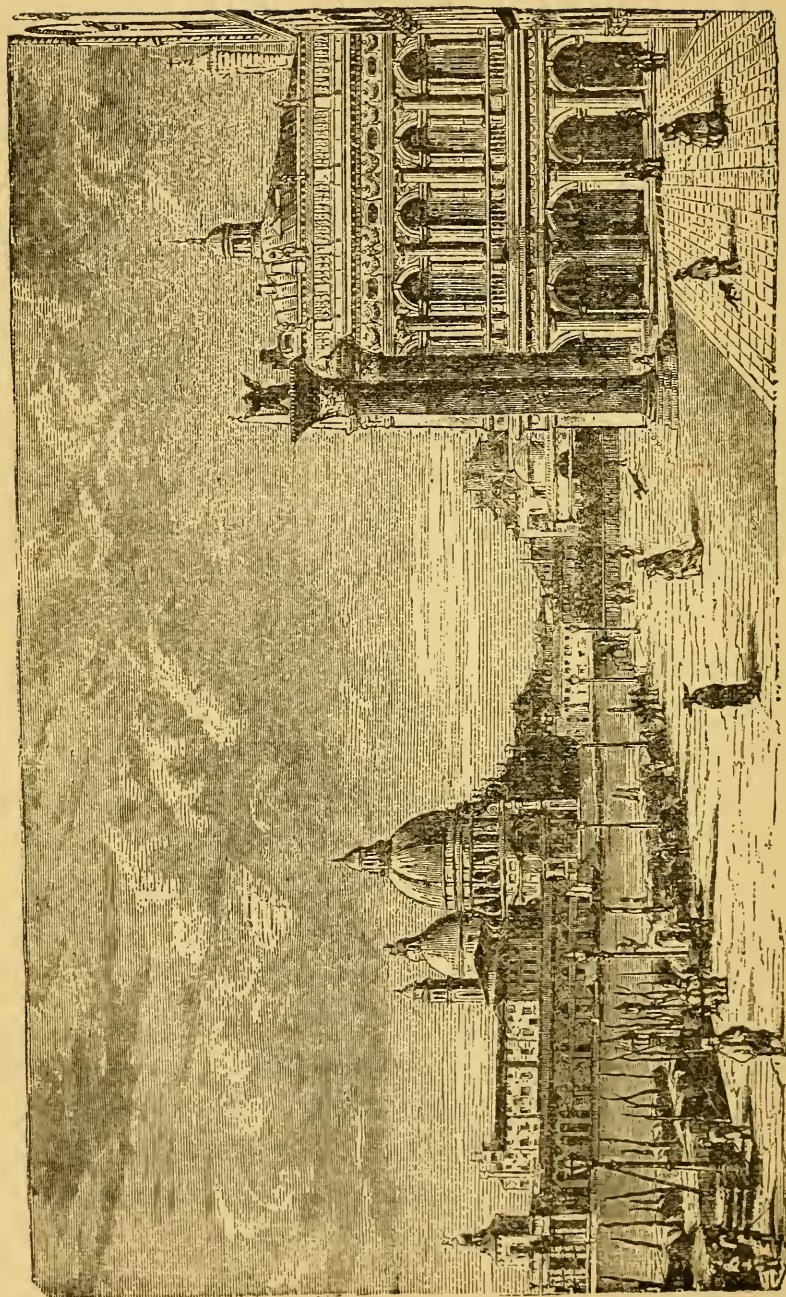
Here we took the train for Venice, and were very loth to put off the grandeur which we had assumed at Milan, and accordingly rode second class—chiefly, however, because we were obliged so to do, or to remain all day in Brescia.

“Americans, princes, and fools ride first class ;” but in Italy there is some excuse for them, inasmuch as the second class cars are dirty, badly cushioned, and badly ventilated. In Germany, France, and Belgium, however, the second class cars are palatial, and one meets numbers of gentlemanly people in those of the third. So we rolled along through scenery of Italian luxuriance, at times the very bushes and weeds beside the railroad track being so tall and thick as to completely shut out the view. The most charming spot along the route is at Dezenzano, where a most beautiful view of the Lago di Garda is had, the southern shore, along which the railroad runs, being comparatively flat for some distance, so that, even as the traveler is whirled by, he enjoys a long continued view of the lake. It certainly cannot be surpassed in its blueness by any sheet of water upon earth, and, upon that day, it appeared to the best advantage from our point of view, as a haze over the northern part of the landscape, and fleecy clouds nestling closely to the mountain tops softened the background so as to make it appear like a rare work of

art covered with the finest veil. Near our shore of the lake, there stretched almost across its broad southern extremity a long, slender peninsula, seeming a fine line of foliage floating upon the waters, and, by its green leaves, connecting with the shore a high, rounded promontory, densely covered with dark trees. It added its mite to the charm of the lake. Near Garda occurred the red battle of Solferino—man's discord beside nature's harmony.

We passed through Verona, with massive fortifications surrounding it, and, late in the afternoon, perceived ahead, a little to the right, the lofty campaniles and domes of the romantic Queen of the Adriatic, rendered blue and indistinct by the distance. We kept our heads out of the windows—until our eyes were filled with cinders—to look at the city which we had longed to visit ever since the day when first our youthful minds had grasped the intricacies of "joggraphy," and our wide-opened eyes had gazed upon a vile wood-cut, representing a city resting upon the waters. Soon we were upon the artificial isthmus, which is the sole firm bond connecting Venice with the shore, and over which the railroad passes. To our right lay the Adriatic and several of the more disjoined islands of the city, and, as we passed over, in the otherwise cloudless, Italian summer's sky, lay an enormous cumulus cloud, rising in roll upon roll, and fold after fold. It was illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, so that it was one lurid mass of folds of red light, and thus stretched down to the very water's edge, to meet its own





THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

reflection upon the mirror-like surface of the water, in the most splendid magnificence. The whole effect of the evening azure of the sky, the towers of the city nestling upon the perfectly calm sea, and this crimson, sun-set cloud was a fitting introduction to—VENICE.



## XII.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

IN front of the large and grimy depot, we found ourselves in the midst of a lively and apparently confused scene, in which the chief points of interest to our wondering eyes were gondoliers of all garbs, and gondolas of the same general appearance, inasmuch as their shapes were the same, and all were of funereal blackness.

We found the porter of our hotel, and, in reply to his inquiries after baggage, handed over our Saratogas—still our cherished alpenstocks—with many injunctions to handle them with the greatest care, as they were tender, fragile things. He looked at us then ; but, when we added the information that the rest of our baggage was in our pockets, strange to say, he looked at us again ! We explained the circumstances of our short trip, and he condescended to be satisfied, affable, and very anxious to add to his small stock of English ; so he procured us a gondola, and seated himself with us in it. We were almost

in a dreamy daze of excitement and pleasure, to be at the end of our long journey, and gliding past ancient palaces and grand churches, with the most delightful motion in the world. The gondoliers are, in appearance, a very unromantic class of individuals, but now and then we feasted our hungry eyes upon some ferociously-bearded, Victor Emmanuel-looking personage officiating at the oar, who quite filled our expectations. Though occasionally decked with a bit of ribbon, or a broad sash of some bright color, they resembled very much any other hard-working, coatless, perspiring boatmen, and, as we soon learned, were quite as ready to cheat you most unmercifully, as though they were the common-place hackmen, so dear to all true American hearts. We saw numbers of gracefully-proportioned gondolas, with bright steel or brazen prows, and hand cords running along their sides, manned by two gayly-uniformed gondoliers, and appearing very Venetian. These, we were informed, belonged to the aristocracy, either foreigners of wealth, or the descendants of those old nobles who were wont to deck their gondolas with gold, and trail behind them fortunes in silk and cloth-of-gold, until it was decreed that all such extravagant display should be given up, and all gondolas thenceforth should be of unadorned black. Our first gondola ride took us along the Grand Canal as far as the Rialto Bridge, where we turned aside, and took a devious route through streets—or, rather, canals—to the principal quay of the city, the Riva degli Schiavoni, where was our

hotel. There we found the stroke of the Columbia four who had just distinguished themselves at Henley. Our rooms were paved with a kind of mosaic, very smooth, and refreshingly cool. We afterward observed that it was the common floor all over Venice, a composition evidently rolled smooth with the greatest of care, and closely resembling a mosaic composed of brown and white stones.

Emerging from our hotel we walked along the quay, in the midst of a varied collection of sailors of almost every nation of the world, from Englishmen to Malays, and by fruit-stands rich in variety and profusion, and venders of the various insipid syrup-waters which the Italians so much delight in. We were crossing a bridge, when, glancing to our right, along a narrow canal between two high buildings, we took temporary root there, before the historical and poet-inspiring link between the Doges' Palace and the prison—for before us was the Bridge of Sighs. When, at length, we passed around the yellow palace, we were almost bewildered to see, clustering together, the two Syrian columns, St. Mark's, the lofty campanile, the quaint old clock-tower, and the Palace of the Doges; and, on the left, opening widely, and daz- zlingly brilliant with innumerable lights, and brightly-dressed people, the Piazza of St. Mark, surrounded by arcades whose shop-windows were a study, as they displayed, in purse-weakening profusion, Florentine and Byzantine mosaics, ingenious trinkets, and jewelry of most elaborate workmanship. In the center, a military

band discoursed sweet music, and, in the space between it and the light tables and chairs in front of the various cafés, promenaded those anxious to see and be seen.

We seated ourselves at one of Florian's tables, far out in the square, and while sipping the reputed best ices in the world—"melting bliss," as the Object designated them—we grandly patronized the candy men, with their baskets of glacéd almonds, and the smiling and much bedizened flower-girls. We had never felt more princely. We set our hats at just the right angle, twirled our moustaches (those of us who had them), and buttoned up our coats, then joined the throng of gayly-dressed promenaders, when, suddenly, when in the very midst of our triumphal procession, we were startled and saddened by a shocking discovery made by Handsome.

"Object," said he, in accents thick with horror, "there is an enormous hole in the left elbow of your coat!" It was but too true. His coat, which had seen its palmy days in the spring-time, as one of ——'s (we refrain from advertising him) best, had, at last, yielded to the pressure of rain, wind, sunshine, and the Object's elbow, and left exposed, in glaring contrast to its own rich brindle, the Bowery Shirt—a fine view of at least a square inch.

"Ah, I have it," said the Object, as he spurned the piece of pink court-plaster offered him by Nancy, and rose from the table, in the dark corner to which the Discovery had driven us. He seized the right arm of Handsome,

who was puzzling his brains for an expedient, and, thrusting his own arm within it, until the sleeve of Handsome's coat completely hid the fatal tear from view, and, arm in arm, we marched on with as much grandeur as before. Returning, in the moonlight, past the Bridge of Sighs, we found, awaiting our arrival at our hotel, an army of small



THE OBJECT FIRST BATTLES WITH THE ENEMY.

mosquitoes of sharp buzz and sharper sting. As Handsome and the Object, who occupied a large double room together, were in bed, awaiting the approach of sleep, the latter remarked :

“Handsome, I feel quite cosmopolitan, don't you? But, instead of expressing it, like the hero of a romance, in much this style ;—

“‘I've ridden the ship of the desert, driven my tandem in Rotten Row, rolled about in the jaunting car of Ireland, and steadied the diminutive donkey up the side of Drach-

enfels. I have sipped the Venetian ices, quaffed the American cock-tail, and tasted the palm-wine of Africa,' we might say :—

“‘I have waltzed with the flea of Holland, and held sweet converse with the horse-fly of the Ticino, and the punky of the Adirondacks. I have interviewed the gnat of Venice, and warbled ‘Home, *sweet Home*,’ in the presence of the terrible German, ah—couch-insect. I have sampled the cheese of Limburg, the caviare of the Russian, the olive of the Spaniard, the——’” But the resound-



THE OBJECT ENJOYS SWEET REPOSE.

ing Snore of the slender Handsome apprised him of the fact that his periods were being bestowed upon the mosquitoes alone. He said that on that night, for the first time, did he envy Handsome his fine snore, for it fright-

ened all the mosquitoes away from him (H—), and on that night, for the thousandth time, did he anathematize him for it, but this time, because in their anxiety to get away from the seat of the disturbance, the mosquitoes thronged to his (the Object's) part of the room, where they held high revel until morning. Then our work of “sight-see-

ing," half pleasure, half toil, began with the three lofty flag-staffs which still stand, as they have stood for centuries, a reproach to the effeminate descendants of those victorious Venetians who were wont to think upon the three countries under their sway, as their standards flaunted the breezes swelling from the Adriatic.

To give a most brief and matter-of-fact description of the cathedral, it is an Oriental structure, whose five Byzantine domes overspread a lavish magnificence of decoration and hundreds of small columns of polished marble. Over its principal portal, are the much-wandering four gilded-bronze horses, which have graced the triumphal arches of a Nero, a Trajan, and a Napoleon Bonaparte.

The most striking feature of St. Mark's is, of course, the profusion of mosaics, which are said to cover fifty thousand square feet, and are much like faded paintings in appearance. The subjects are all scriptural, and some of them have been chosen with such wretched taste, and worked out with such regard for indecent detail, that they deserve the epithet of disgusting. High up in the façade is the Lion of St. Mark, which one sees repeated in every material and manner.

The interior of the cathedral is extremely interesting ; it may be called fantastic, with its rich marbles of the warm East, its bronzes, its profuse gilding, and its number of mosaics of quaint appearance, even the floor being a smooth mosaic pavement.

"The stone upon which John the Baptist was

beheaded" is among the sacred relics of the cathedral. We happened to be in the building at the time of some grand service, and watched with curiosity and amazement the manner in which the officiating priests conducted themselves. One poor unfortunate came forward, before the altar, evidently at the wrong stage of the service, and, commencing to go through with his share in it, was angrily seized and *pushed back* by another partaker in the ceremonies. One snatched the censer from another, and almost hurled him out of the way, and the faces of both were angry and scowling. A strange scene! In one part of the ceremony the censer was swung, first before the altar a number of times, then before the cardinals seated in the choir. They doffed their red hats and placed their hands together, as they received the burnt incense as their due; then, as the next in order was honored in like manner, they turned themselves toward him, and did him reverence.

We passed out into the square, glancing, as we went, at the work of several artists who were busily putting upon their canvas the image of the gorgeous interior. While in the cathedral, our guide, who was pointing out and explaining the different objects of interest, waved his hand toward the magnificent bronze altar, and whispered, impressively:

"Genteelmeen, at ze bottom under zis grande altare, repose ze great San Marco, ze patron of Venezia. He is brought here from Alexandreá, one thousand year."

"Ah," said Nancy. "He is the gentleman who owned the lion. Is—is he dead?"

The guide's face grew livid, and his hand flew for his stiletto ("flew for his stiletto" sounds well, and his hand flew somewhere, any way. Handsome afterward suggested that it was for his pocket-handkerchief, but we laughed to scorn the idea of an Italian's possessing such an article, and agreed that it must have been for his stiletto).

He paused, before drawing it, to ask:

"Is you call Marco Twain?"

"No," replied the trembling Nancy, "my name is not Mark Twain."

The guide kindly refrained from further demonstrations, but muttered:

"Zat Marco Twain have made one big fool of ze guide profession in Italia, and all ze guide have conjurationed to keel him, soon as he come once more!"

Nancy was his most patient auditor for the rest of the morning. Before we entered the Doges' Palace, our guide pointed out the two columns of red marble, standing out in marked contrast to the white ones on both sides of them, in the upper colonnade; it was from between these, he said, that sentence of death had been given forth, in the days of the stern old republic.

On we went, and were soon at the foot of the "Golden Staircase," at one time sacred to the footsteps of those whose names were entered in the "golden book," as

nobili; but it might as appropriately have derived its name from the profusion and richness of its decoration; nevertheless, humble as we were, and one of us with a hole in his sleeve, we did not have the least hesitancy in putting our unhallowed feet upon the sacred stairs.

In addition to its other attractions, the interior of the palace contains an almost complete collection of the masterpieces of Paolo Veronese and the Tintoretto's, whose best energies were here exerted. The series of apartments, through which one passes in a state of almost dazzled bewilderment, are gilded very richly, both the finely-carved woodwork upon the walls, and the labyrinth of picture frames which, verging into one another in symmetrical arrangement, inclose the works of art spoken of, and actually form the ceilings.

In one large hall was a series of portraits of all the doges, stern, impressive faces, which spoke of war and iron rule; but, in the midst of the long succession of grand old gray-beards, a single square, of ebon black, with a plain inscription upon it to the effect that we were standing upon the spot where the Doge Marino Faliero, had been beheaded for his crimes. The crimes consisted in a purpose to change the form of government, and now, not only is his face shut out from its companionship with those of his fellows, but the vacant black tablet tells a tale of disgrace and execution, and catches the stranger's eye like night in the midst of day. So great is the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful criminal!

Though the circumstances were slightly different, and the causes of the precipitation of the final move were of unlike natures, still the poor Doge but failed in what Napoleon III. accomplished; the former gained death and ignominy, the latter an Empire, amidst the plaudits of his people. In this same room, covering almost the whole wall at one end, is the largest painting in the world, Jacques Tintoretto's Paradise, containing such a bewildering multitude of figures, that it is impossible to carry away any definite idea of it, without the most protracted study. But the apartment in which we distinguished ourselves was the Scala del Senato—so-called—where was the rich throne of the Doges. The floor of the room, as of all in the palace, was of the same peculiar mosaic-like cement which we had found in our lodgings. The throne, surrounded by the plainer and less lofty seats of the senators, was upon a raised platform of polished wood, and was shut off from the spectator by a cord stretched across it, and lynx-eyed attendants watched this and the other rooms, especially guarding the throne.

Handsome and the Object lingered until the attendant took his departure to one of the adjoining rooms, when the Object watched at the door while Handsome seized the opportunity to rush up the steps, under the cord, and across the platform to the throne, where he hastily condemned a few criminals to be beheaded, and returned across the platform, which fairly groaned, as if in horror of the sacrilege. Handsome then watched while the

Object went through the same performance, with the difference that his heavy walking shoes, and greater weight, made such a clatter that the echoes fairly rang; so he contented himself with vetoing one law (don't know whether other Doges had that power or not, but that is what *this* Doge did), and then returned just in time to be standing, guide-book in hand, earnestly examining a painting by Giovanni, as the alarmed attendant returned; but could find no ground for accusation in the studious attitude of one Doge of Venice and one combination King of Holland and Doge of Venice. Nancy, very properly, regarded the whole affair as too childish to be even countenanced by his august presence, and was monopolizing his bosom friend of the supposed stiletto in another part of the palace. We dismissed our guide, and, at dinner, managed to get what we wanted, by the combined use of German, English, and a little Italian which we found in our guide-book. Then, taking a nice-looking gondola at the Piazzetta, we rode the whole length of the Grand Canal and visited some of the most noteworthy of the churches of Venice, which are part of an almost endless catalogue of "sights." We passed away the time by attempting to pronounce certain phrases, which our guide-book (invaluable Baedeker) instructed us in, much to our own amusement—and that of the gondolier. One bad fault of ours was that we would give the affirmative answer to any pleasantly-made questioning remark on his

part, without our having the faintest idea of his meaning, and, in consequence, found him taking us to various insignificant places which we had not at all wished to visit—all from our well-meant “Ci.” We had made up our minds to make a number of purchases, especially of mosaics and jewelry, in Venice, and, on our return from our ride, we visited the arcades of the Piazza. Nancy had told us that it was notorious that the jewelers of Florence and Venice asked of foreigners a first price far above the value of their goods, and he said that a friend of his had bought an amount of mosaics for two-thirds of the price asked. So he made his plans accordingly, and, saying that one shop was just like another, and that he had no time to waste in looking around, entered one of the largest of the numerous jewelers’ shops, chose his articles, laid them together, and asked the price. The man eyed him and said :

“One hundred and twenty francs.”

Although even that price seemed ridiculously small for the lovely mosaic lockets, scarf-pins, and cuff-buttons which he had chosen, Nancy made his calculations, and answered :

“I will give you seventy-five.”

To our amazement and Nancy’s triumphant satisfaction, the jeweler accepted without any hesitation, notwithstanding that over the door, in the windows, and over the man’s very head, were hung small signs bearing the words, “*PRIX FIXE, ONE PRICE.*” His eyes opened to such

an extent, the Object preferred to look about somewhat before making his purchases, and, finally, in a smaller shop, but with the usual number of *PRIX FIXE* signs, he found about what he wanted. He chose articles almost the precise counterparts of Nancy's, asked their price, and, in the first place, was astonished at the answer, "Ninety-five francs," and next, when, with the greatest audacity, as he thought, and without any expectation of its being accepted, he offered fifty francs, his jeweler shrugged his shoulders, but proceeded to wrap up the articles. So much for "*PRIX FIXE*." Stepping into the Piazza, Nancy said that he had not the least doubt that, if he had offered his man twenty-five, he would have accepted it.

From the Piazza leads, to the Rialto, a lively and brilliant, but narrow and winding street, called the Merceria, and, at the point where it leaves the square, is the great clock-tower. It is surmounted by two bronze figures which strike the hours, while at night the hour and minute are made known by illuminated numerals, Roman for the former, and Arabic for the latter.

When we returned to our rooms at a late hour, we found the porter ready with a pastille, which he burned for the benefit of the mosquitoes, first tightly closing the prison-like shutters of solid wood, two or three inches in thickness, and completely shutting out light and air. The Object and Handsome calculated the number of cubic feet of air in their apartment, and decided that there would be enough to sustain life until morning. The mos-

quitoes appeared to have received their quietus, in the incense burned to them ; but Handsome declared that he could hear reinforcements, outside, rattling against the shutters, with a noise like that of a hail-storm. We were surprised to find the weather not at all uncomfortably warm, and, even with our blinds thus tightly closed, we were not so much oppressed, but that we preferred to be so, rather than to have plenty of fresh air with the necessary concomitant of mosquitoes.

In the morning we climbed the tall campanile in the Piazza, from whose top Venice of the Gondola appears much like an ordinary streeted city ; for the canals are so narrow and the buildings so lofty that even the waters of the wide Canal Grande are wholly invisible. A morning spent at the "Academia delle Belle Arti," gave us another opportunity of studying the Venetian masters. The numerous and exquisite Madonnas of Bellini, one soon comes to recognize at a glance. The gem of the collection, however, is Titian's "Assumption," before which is always to be found a crowd of admiring people of all nations, and a number of copyists, hard at work. The first and last works of Titian are here displayed, side by side, and it was extremely interesting to compare his first rough attempt with the magnificence of the "Assumption." The means by which Canova's great conceptions of mind were given tangible form—the sculptor's own right hand is preserved here, in an urn ; and here, too, is one of his earliest works, "Dædalus and Icarus,"

and, also, the original model of the celebrated group, "Hercules and Lychas."

We took our afternoon gondola ride, this time to visit some of the palaces, the most noticeable being that of the Foscari of Byron's tragedy. One can perceive how exquisite were these old palaces, when their materials of construction were fresh ; but now their sole beauty lies in their architectural interest, and their general proportions, as time and weather have so discolored them and so obliterated their fine cuttings, that they present a dismal appearance in the searching sun-light, but under the dim moon they are still surpassingly lovely. The same can be said of the churches, whose fine external sculptures are much disfigured in color and outline.

The Canal Grande is lively with numerous small craft, and collisions seem imminent almost every instant, but almost never happen, so great is the skill of the boatmen, who have peculiar and not unmusical cries, uttered in various emergencies.

Every time one gets into or out of a gondola, he is rendered totally unnecessary and unwished-for assistance by loiterers, who expect a fee, and swell the breezes with loudest maledictions if it is withheld. Before we left Venice, we returned to the Doges' Palace to visit the dungeons, and to stand upon the Bridge of Sighs. We were conducted by a torch and an explanation in English, evidently committed to memory, word for word—the conductor himself being such an insignificant part of the

performance, that neither of us carried away the least idea of his appearance, although we distinctly remembered both torch and explanation. The dungeons have no features of appearance peculiarly their own, but, like all continental prison-rooms, have a great lack of size, light and ventilation, and abound in blood-stains, implements of torture, etc. We were shown one dungeon for political offenders, where Lord Byron, in a poetical whim, caused himself to be confined for two days and nights, undergoing the treatment of a prisoner, and turning the time and the inspiration furnished by his surroundings to the composition of part of one of his Venetian tragedies. We turned from the Bridge of Sighs, without descending to the prison referred to in the lines:—

“I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;  
A palace and a prison on each hand:”

For, unfortunately for Romance, none but criminal offenders had been confined in that prison, the political offenders being immured in the “pozzi,” or wells sunk in the thick walls of the Doges’ Palace. “The Bridge of Sighs is a gloomy, covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The prisoner, when taken to his death, was conducted across the gallery, and, being led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled.”

Turning from these gloomy relics of a terrible past to the brightness of the Piazza, we were just in time for a

peculiar spectacle there presented every afternoon. In Venice the pigeon is as sacred as is the stork in Germany, and every nook and cranny of St. Mark's and the adjoining buildings is inhabited by the descendants of some noble carriers that once brought great tidings to the city. These fluttering nuisances—according to our ideas—are fed at the city's expense, every afternoon, in the Piazza, and the pavement then looks as though it was one grand



AS USUAL.

hidden by thousands of the hungry birds. They are very tame, and it is the great delight of young ladies to buy a small cornucopia of grain from the urchin venders thereof; and, in fewer moments than it takes to write of it, they are almost overwhelmed with their pets, perch-

ed upon every available resting-place—hats, shoulders, hands; until they fairly totter with the weight of struggling, whirring, fluttering doves, that are eager to leave them as soon as their last grain of corn has been devoured, and to betake themselves to the next fair pander to their insatiable appetites.

For the fourth time at Florian's, for the fourth time we noticed a charming flower-girl, who, as often as we had seen her, had appeared in a different costume, each as becoming as the preceding.

And now for our last night's rest in Venice, and a rise at misty four o'clock, to be rowed by a sleepy gondolier along the silent Grand Canal, taking, as we left it, one last, lingering look at the sweet city of our past dreams, and dream-like sojourn, and lofty charges—as usual.



### XIII.

#### WE RAIL FROM VENICE TO GENEVA.

ON to Turin, repassing Garda and Milan, and, through the Italian richness of grain, vine, and tree, catching a glimpse of its snowy cathedral. Now and then we saw peasant women in their bright costumes and strange head-dresses, with two immense egg-shaped masses of silver, one behind each ear, and fastened firmly in their dark, closely-braided hair. We passed through Magenta, where the graves of the slain in its battle are to be seen near the depot, and, near them, a large monument of yellow marble, with an inscription upon it to Napoleon III. The French people and language are, naturally, very popular in Italy, and we found to our cost that a knowledge of

either French or Italian was almost indispensable to comfort in traveling there.

As we were whirled along in perfect contentment, looking at the rapidly-changing scenery or studying our guide-books, we were suddenly thrown into confusion by an official, who opened the door of our compartment, and excitedly made some inquiry in Italian. As usual, upon such an occasion, we took it for granted that our tickets were wanted; so we produced them, but the officer became more excited, and, coming in, planted himself directly before the Object, and sent forth a perfect stream of Italian questions. The frightened Object turned to Nancy, saying:

"Here, Nancy; you are the noblest Italian of us all. Just talk to this buccaneer, will you?"

Nancy expended all his stock of Italian in one supreme effort, and shouted:

"Macar-r-r-oni, Don Giovanni, Diavolo! speak English?"

A scowl, and a shake of the head.

"The deuce you say. Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

No answering sign.

Meantime, the train had stopped, all the people in the car were standing up and looking at us over the low divisions between the compartments, and, outside, a large crowd pressed around the door. Great excitement! and we began to be really alarmed, as we had no passports and no means of making ourselves understood, and did not

know what might happen to us. Now, the official was reinforced by two or three others, one of whom began to talk to us in French ; but our knowledge of that language was limited to a score of words, and all we could do was to sit perfectly still, and, with hair on end, blankly and idiotically stare at our frantic interlocutors.

Then four of the fiends seized upon the Object, and carried him away into the privacy of a high-walled garden near the depot ; and there, while the crowd outside surged around the gate, and talked with noisy voices, they renewed their torture of questions and fierce gesticulations. The Object remaining mute, a quiet individual, appearing to be a person of some authority, who had accompanied them, spoke a few words to them, and they returned the Object to his anxious companions. And then the attack upon the three tramps conjoined was renewed, when, to our intense relief, a young German, who had heard us ask the guard if he spoke German, came forward, and made known to us that they merely wished to know our nationality and our destination. When, through him as interpreter, we had satisfied them that we were innocent and harmless American students traveling to Turin, they slowly left us, and turned to the next compartment to search there ; and our German deliverer informed us that they were in search of some runaway English criminals, and we blessed him for his services, and sat down in peace. Yet not perfect peace, for, every time the train stopped, our officials came and looked

searchingly into our compartment. We were evidently suspicious characters.

“Well,” emphatically remarked the Object, in a tone which implied that it was anything but well, “I wonder what we will be taken for next. In Rotterdam we were Swiss, in Baden, English tourists. Handsome’s black eyes caused a Schwartz-wald hostess to think us French, and, in Venice, the other day, we heard an American young lady, who had been furtively examining the seal ring of one of the party, whisper: ‘See those English lords, George!’ And *now* we are criminals, ah, bitter degradation!”

But we were now at Turin, and we hastened from the large depot to the streets of a gay, beautiful city, much like Milan. From Turin, we took train directly for Geneva, passing through the wonderful Mt. Cenis tunnel during the night, and, before we entered Switzerland, enjoying a morning’s ride through part of France. We ran for a long distance beside the Rhone, which changes the wonderful clearness which it has when emerging from crystal Lake Lemman, and in a very short time becomes of the muddiest color imaginable; so that one who has seen it at Geneva can scarcely believe that it is the same river. We spent our afternoon at Geneva, in searching for the five long-lost ones, whom we expected to find there, and made a long and tedious round of visits to bankers and hotels, until we discovered that they had departed, the night before, to Paris. Disgusted at thus being kept

from our letters, which they had dragged off with their own, we engaged seats in the diligence for Chamounix, and spent our evening upon Rousseau's Island, in the midst of the blue waters. Geneva is built around the end of the lake, and its quays are lined with large hotels, pleasant gardens, and stores surpassing even those of Lucerne in their displays of Swiss carvings and watches, and jewelry of unique designs and exquisite workmanship. Its two parts, which are separated by the Rhone, are united by numbers of bridges, one of which, the Pont du Mont Blanc, is very long, handsome, and always crowded with people. Geneva appears to its prettiest advantage when viewed from the lake. On clear days, Mont



BEGGARS AT GENEVA.

Blanc is distinctly visible from the quays on the right bank of the Rhone, and, in the rays of the setting sun, its far-off peak assumes its rosiest tinge.

At our hotel we met an Englishman, who appeared to be much interested in us, and questioned us closely about our trip; but in a manner which illustrated a remark a much-traveled friend of ours had made, on the subject of continental hotels:

“Of course, their largest number of patrons is made up of Englishmen and Americans, especially of the former, and the first-class hotels all over the continent have become almost thoroughly English, in all their orderings. The waiters all speak English; the dishes at table are almost all English dishes; the latest English papers fill the reading-room; and an Englishman can travel throughout the continent, and, as far as his hotel is concerned, scarcely know that he has been outside of his own sea-girt home. And most of them know nothing of the places they visit, except—hotels.”

So our friend here, after a few preliminary questions, asked:

“Aw, 'ave you, aw, been to Rotterdam?”

“Yes.”

“Aw, what 'otel did you stop at?”

We told him.

“You made a great mistake, a great mistake. You should 'ave stopped at the V——. Very comfortable there. Fine table-d'-hote. Aw, been along the Rhine, you say?”

“Yes.”

“Stopped at Cologne, I presume.”

"Yes."

"Aw, what 'otel did you stop at?"

"Hotel Billstein."

"Bill—*what?* Nevaw heard of such a 'ouse. It must be quite vulgaw!"

We assured him that it was a neat German inn, and that we enjoyed it.

"Been to Italy?"

"Yes, we have just come from Milan, Venice, and the Lakes. Have you been there?"

"Aw, yes."

"Did you not admire the wonderful statuary, from the roof of the cathedral in Milan?"

"Well, aw, I cawn't say I visited the roof of the cathedral. Such a beastly bore, you know, to do any climbing in such 'ot places."

"Not visit the cathedral roof!" exclaimed Nancy. "Of course, you liked Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper.'"

"Cawn't say I remembaw that. These *pitchaw galleries* get to be such a demned gwind, you know. But, aw, what 'otel did you stop at in Milan?"

We told him, and he appeared satisfied with it, and went on: "Stopped at Venice, of course."

"Yes."

"Aw, *what 'otel did you stop at?*"

"Let me think," said Nancy. "What was the name of that hotel, fellows? I can't remember it."

Handsome and the Object had both forgotten its

name, and told our English friend so. At this, he seemed perfectly astounded, looked at us in wondering silence for a moment, and then, in a way that plainly showed us that, in his opinion, we might just as well never have seen the Queen of the Adriatic, found voice to say :

“Not remembaw your ’otel? Nevaw heard of such a thing befaw, nevaw, by Jove, nevaw!”

It was too much for his comprehension, and he left us to join some of his compatriots, to whom we saw him talking earnestly, now and then looking towards us; and we judged, from their amazed looks, that they were being told that “those Yankee boys did not weally remembaw, by Jove, what, aw, ’otel they stopped at in Venice.”



BEAUTY AND UTILITY COM-  
BINED.

In the lofty diligence, behind six horses covered with tinkling bells, we rattled from the quay, as the driver cracked his long whip, and uttered a peculiar gurgle of encouragement to his horses. As soon as we had passed out of the city, however, the rapid trot degenerated into a walk, but, at every village we came to, the driver whipped up his horses, and we dashed through in fine style. I presume that those poor, deluded villagers think—as we did before we learned by a sad experience—that the whole journey is made at that same dashing pace; for they gather, in

crowds, to see the coaches pass, and reverence the driver as a small-sized emperor. Vanity, vanity!

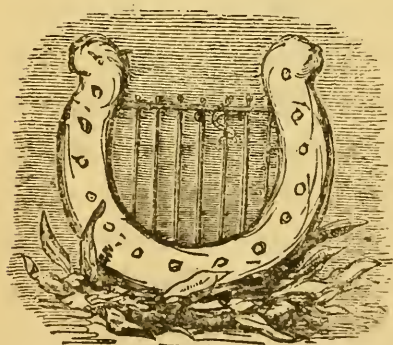
At one place, after our stop for dinner, we were much amused by the crowds of women and children who pressed around the diligence, with little baskets of fruit, suspended from the ends of long poles, and which they thrust up before our eyes, crying, "*cinquante centimes!*" This was the market price of each tiny basket, and it was very firm, until the coach became gradually filled with the passengers, when those who had not sold out cried with great eagerness, "*quarante, quarante centimes!*" then, as the driver mounted to his seat, "*trente! trente!*" at last, just as we were to drive away, the cry was, "*vingt-cinq, vingt-cinq centimes,*" just half their original price. "Those youngsters will be Venetian shop-keepers, some day," remarked Handsome, as he thought of our experience there.

We passed cascades, rendered even more beautiful than usual, by recent long-continued and heavy rains. One of these, said to resemble the Staubach, was pronounced more beautiful than that famous cascade, by one of our fellow-passengers. We had a "glorious glimpse of the glittering glaciers and pinnacles" of Mont Blanc (as the alliterative Nancy remarked), as we crossed the turbulent stream whose course we followed for some time, at one point, hundreds of feet above it, and with it almost directly under our feet, so steep was the bank; and we soon came in sight of the Glacier des Bossons, with its long reach of ice and snow pinna

cles, and Chamounix itself greeted our eyes in the early evening. Spending the evening in a walk along the road, we met numbers of young Englishmen in knickerbockers, and some of them carrying alpenstocks literally covered with names of passes and mountains; and, in the town, we saw quietly-chatting, pipe-smoking groups of guides, with their heavy leggings and wide-brimmed hats, adorned now and then with a sprig of edelweiss, as witness to their daring. Handsome purchased some edelweiss, and wrote letters to all his lady correspondents—mother, sister, *etc.*—in each of which he inclosed a blossom, and wrote :

“Inclosed you will find an edelweiss, a flower much prized for its rarity, as it grows only at the most dizzy heights, and in places to reach which one must hazard his life. It is much sought for by Swiss lovers, to present it to their

ladies, as proof of their boldness and courage, and as we sauntered along the eighteen-inch wide paths at the top of terrible chasms, we saw their bones bleaching in the sun by the hundreds. This blossom was picked on the Matterhorn, where, now and then, we



HANDSOME, CONCERNING EDEL-  
WEISS.

climbed a precipice, after the little flowers. I hope you will prize it for the sake of the sender, who, though, per-

haps, reckless and foolhardy, has risked his life to pluck it."

In his little account-book he entered the following:—  
"Item—One bunch of edelweiss from boy at Chamounix . . . . 1 franc, 50 centimes=30 cents."

We arose very early next morning, with the prospects of a very hard day's work before us; and, as we started along the road toward the Mer de Glace, to our right lay the monarch of European mountains, in dazzling, virgin-white radiance.

We crossed the little river, and took the foot-path to Montanvert, a climb of not great difficulty, but long and tiresome. Montanvert is directly over the Mer de Glace, and near the point where the usual crossing is begun; and here we took a guide and started across the vast expanse of ice, with here and there a crevasse to jump—yawning and of terrible depth, sometimes, and showing the pure, unsullied ice, in its beautiful color, of a shade difficult to be decided upon as a very light blue or a very light green, and which, accordingly, Nancy described as "light greenish-blue," and Handsome as "light blueish-green." Our guide conducted us by a steep path up the "Chapeau," where we had a view of the glacier in its full extent, and here we rested from our exertions, and took the refreshment which we had brought with us; then, although already tired, went rapidly down the steep path, reached the road once more, and, having dismissed our guide, began the toilsome ascent of the Flegere.

As we labored upward, the remembrance of our old Rigi climb seemed as child's play, in comparison with our present experience, and it was with feelings of great mental relief and of physical weariness that the very top was reached, and we enjoyed a vision of every part of the blinding Mont Blanc chain stretched out before us, with its reflection softening in the coming twilight. We devoted as much time as we dared to the study of the scene, and reached Chamounix late in the evening. Oh, how we longed to make the ascent of Mont Blanc itself! And only the enormous expense deterred us from so doing, as, for three of us, with the proper number of guides, expensive wines, and other necessities, it could not have been made for much less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Accordingly, we contented ourselves with what we had already done, and walked back to Geneva in one day and part of a second.

At table-d'hôte, there sat opposite us an elderly French gentleman and lady, and, with them, a most lovely young lady, whose charms quite impressed even the unsusceptible Nancy. During the first few courses, the trio opposite us conversed in French, entirely, and, naturally, we set them down as belonging to that nation; but Nancy went a little too far in his conclusions when he turned to the Object, and remarked, in a low tone,

"I say, Object, do you observe what bewitching eyes the French young lady opposite us has? And just look at that little, white hand!"

The young lady appeared to be perfectly unconscious of his remark, but as soon as an opportunity offered, she looked directly at the admiring Nancy, smiled very sweetly, and (evidently with intention of letting him know that she had understood his sincere compliment), with just enough accent to make the ordinary dinner-table request sound very prettily, said :

“I beg your pardon, sir; but will you have the kindness to pass me the ice?”

Nancy blushed, in his confusion seized the first article before him, which happened to be the salt, handed it to her, and hurriedly left the table, without a glance at the amused face of the young lady (for she appeared not at all displeased), nor at his astonished companions. Handsome gallantly passed the ice, with his best bow—but noticed that she did not take any of it! He and the Object finished their dinner, hunted up the thunder-struck Nancy, reviled him for not remaining and improving his opportunities, and then all three took a late train for Paris.

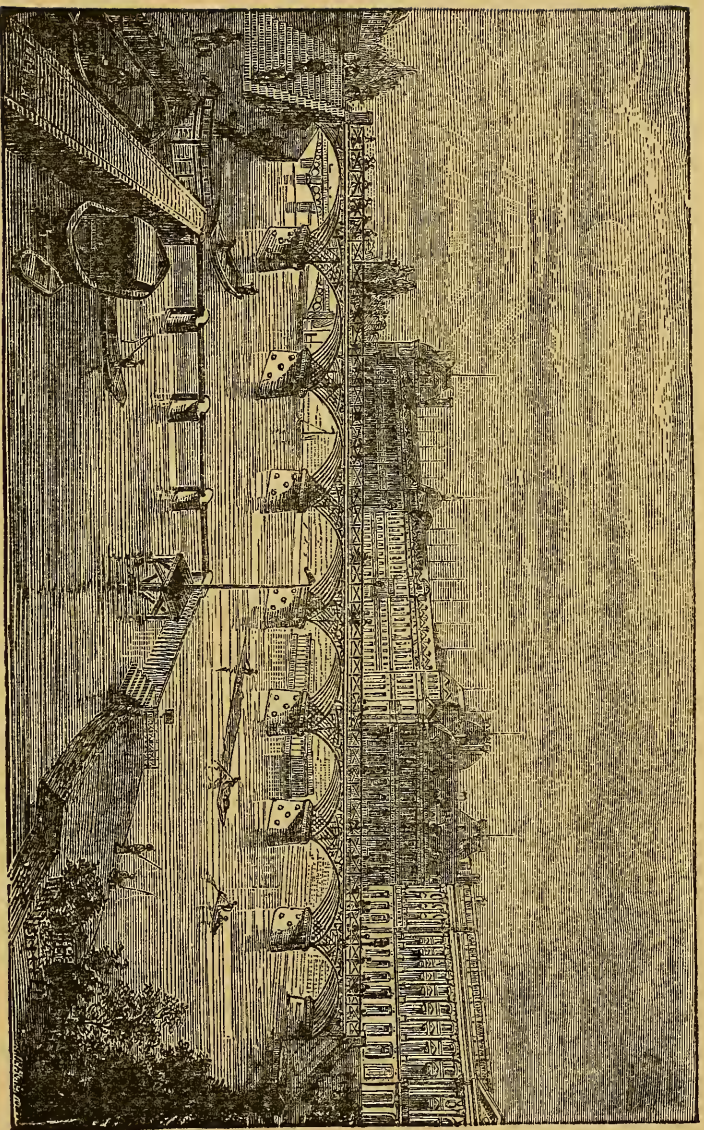


FOR PARIS.

## XIV.

### ADVENTURES IN WICKED PARIS.

Our Cockney friend of the Rigi and Italy had, during the course of our forced companionship, informed us that he had taken a period of some weeks in Paris, and had been at a remarkably pleasant and reasonable hotel, where every one spoke English, where we could have spacious and elegantly-furnished apartments for a franc and a half per diem, and where we would be in the center of all the attractions of the city. So, upon our arrival, we took a cab directly to his Parisian hotel-paradise, the "Grande Balcon," and were set down at a place where, after some examination, we discovered the sign of our hotel, and, entering the doorway, found ourselves in an exceedingly dirty and villainously-scented entry, where we moused around for some time, until we succeeded in reaching a small room like an office. There we found a stout, greasy Frenchwoman, and were not long in learning that no one in the house spoke either English or German. Still the Object mustered up what few words of French he knew to ask to be shown rooms, saying that we wished them for some time; accordingly, we were conducted to a small, dirty room, in a state of the greatest disorder, and with but two narrow beds, and were told that we could occupy that for the modest sum of fifteen francs per diem.



PARIS—PONT DES ARTS, AND PALACE OF THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE.

Not exactly charmed with it, we were shown another, a few flights lower, for eighteen francs; so we left in disgust, muttering imprecations upon the Cockney's head, and sought several hotels in the neighborhood, but all were of the same general characteristics, of much dirt and large prices.

At last, we were directed to pleasant lodgings near the Arc de Triomphe. An old English lady was the proprietress, and it was a pleasure to listen to her talk about the French people, for whom she appeared to cherish no great affection, although she had lived among them for almost two-score years.

"I never saw such a set. They are never contented, ye know," she said, and went on to reminiscences of Charles X., of Napoleon's *coup d'etat*, and of the Franco-Prussian war, and the occupation of the city by the German forces. She had, at that time, fifteen men quartered in her house, and said :

"The Germans were perfect gentlemen, but them crazy Communists were the wildest set o' desperate willains wot ever existed. Every night at nine o'clock, some German under-officers, ye know, came 'round and went right into the rooms of the men—for they were not allowed to have their doors locked—and called a roll, and saw wot they were a doin' of; and once two of them came to me, common soldiers they were, yet in very good French they asked me if I would please be so kind as to let them go out, ye know, and I said, 'yes, on condition

ye won't go and get hintoxicated,' and they said that it wasn't for that, but merely to look around; and, do ye know, when those men came back, they took off their boots—I was awake and saw them—so as not to disturb the 'ouse."

She said that the common soldiers of the German army possessed a knowledge of Paris which surpassed that of the Parisian soldiers themselves. On one occasion, two prisoners were being brought into the city, and, when almost in, asked of their guards:

"Why have you taken us by such a round-about way?"

"What mean you?" asked the Frenchmen. Thereupon one of the prisoners pulled from his coat a *map of Paris* and its environs, and pointed out to his conductors the route they had taken, and, also, a much shorter one which they could have followed. We finished our talk with, or rather hearing of, the old lady, with some "good hold Hinglish hale," and started out upon our sight-seeing.

It would be wholly superfluous to describe the well-known places of interest of "the American's Paradise," but, perhaps, a few words concerning the famous Exposition of 1878, and a few points of comparison between it and our own of 1876, may interest the reader. The different exhibits were compressed into a comparatively small space, rendering the tour of the Exposition much

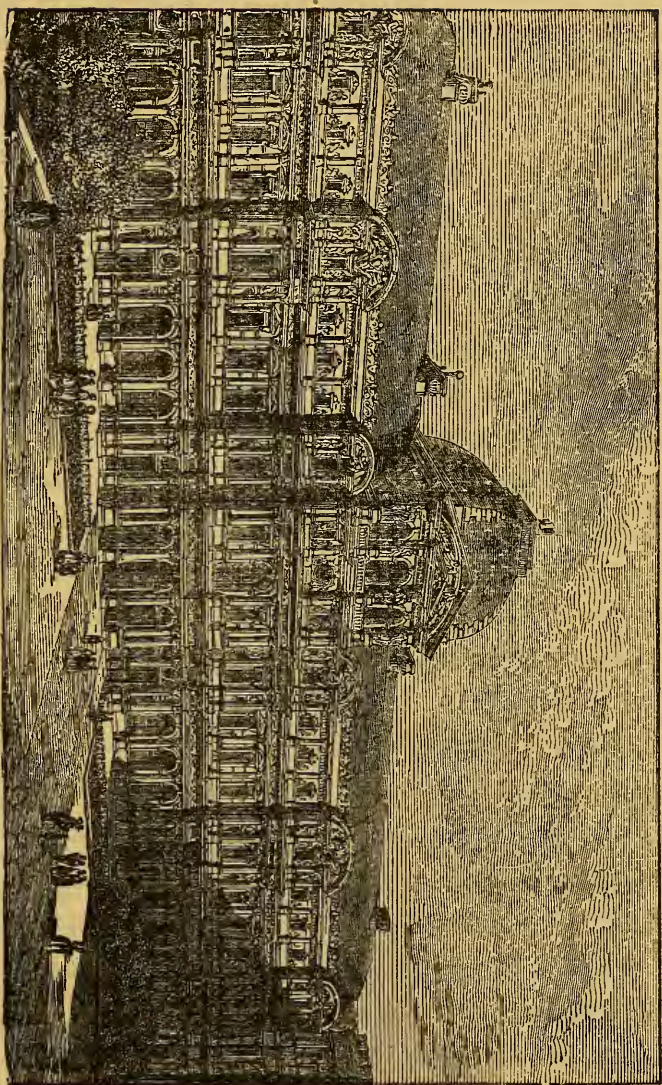
more convenient, and much less wearisome than that of the "Centennial."

There were but three buildings of any consequence; the main building much resembling that of Philadelphia, a smaller one, also built of iron and glass, and the elegant and tasty Trocadero Palace, a beautiful building of the purest white marble, and of most graceful shape. Two slender, curving, arm-like portions stretched out, one on either side of a large circular building, lofty and massive; and, along the whole curved length of the wings, and forming a lower border around the circular portion until it joined them, stretched a gallery, bordered by graceful pillars, and whose wall and ceiling were tinted a rich maroon, standing out in clear contrast to the creamy white of the whole building, and, especially, of the pillars, which were framed in the deep color of this background. The central circular division was a large, theater-like, audience hall, said to be the largest in the world, and there organ recitals were given daily. From the Trocadero towards the center of the Exposition grounds, faced a magnificent fountain, in which a broad sheet of water fell in a grand, artificial cascade of fall after fall, as if over a gigantic flight of broad stairs. Around in it, were huge, gilded statues, with spouts of unique designs, and on either side of each "step" of the cascade was a large spout, with thousands of the finest perforations; and the general effect of the palace with its wonderful fountain, was very fine.

The grounds were quite tastefully gardened ; the Seine, crossing them, between the Trocadero and the Main Hall, was spanned by a handsome bridge, and added a charm to them ; and before the Main Hall, the colossal statues of men holding spirited horses were deserving of admiration. The chief points of interest among the exhibits may be touched upon. The "English Pictures" composed a grand collection, where one saw painting after painting which he had seen copied, photographed, and engraved, time and time again. Landseer, Millais, Alma Tadema, Ward—all were there. The Prince of Wales' exhibit of the presents which he received from Indian princes, while on his Eastern tour, was very attractive, and contained many valuable articles of Indian gold-working, some of huge size, and numbers of exquisitely-wrought arms and richly-embroidered robes and saddles. The so-called Crown Jewels of France were every imaginable ornament of diamonds—diamonds—diamonds. Crowns, coronets, necklaces. In the Main Hall, one-half of all the space was occupied by the French exhibits, which presented a very brilliant display in everything but agricultural implements ; while, on the other hand, the American display was meager beyond description in everything except agricultural implements. America's art exhibit was small and poor ; the French exhibit of Gobelin's tapestry and of Sévres was rich and elegant. The modern sculptures did not so greatly surpass the exhibit of '76. The Japanese

department did not compare with the same at Philadelphia, and there was nothing here to be spoken of in comparison with the grand and bewildering Machinery Hall, nor the wonderfully extensive exhibits of Agricultural Hall. In summary, the Exposition of Philadelphia, to our minds, surpassed that of Paris in '78, in its magnificent grounds, its buildings—taken as a whole—its wonderful machinery, interesting Chinese and Japanese, and, as was to be expected, American and Canadian departments. Also in the wide-awake Yankee activity displayed in all arrangement and enterprise for providing continual musical entertainment, and convenient resting and refreshment places. Whilst the Exposition of '78 excelled, as was also natural, in the treasures of art, of which the Old World is the natural font, in exquisite curios, and in the exhibits of the neighboring nations. The poverty of the American exhibit here can be excused upon the ground of our recent home Exposition, though not upon that of distance, when one considers the American reputation for enterprise.

While we were examining the English pictures we were startled by an apparition. Our Cockney, we knew, was now in the midst of a grand and lengthy trip to Venice, Florence, Naples, and Rome; for did he not make us almost envious, as he related to us his intentions? And his word was as good as gold. Besides, he "had been in Paris so long, and seen the ploice so thoroughly," that he "weally thought he nevaw would care to go there



PARIS.—THE LOUVRE.

again." But there before us wandered the Cockney—pack and all—and looking at everything, in general, rather than the magnificent paintings around him, although he had said he was an artist. We cut him dead. So fare ye well, old Cockney.

Upon our first evening in Paris, we visited the Jardin Mabille, which we found a charming garden, well laid out, and in its center perfectly gorgeous in its fittings. The "pavilion" was almost circular in shape, roofed, although not inclosed, and lighted by numerous large tropical plants—as it seemed, although, of course, they were but ingeniously molded and colored pieces of iron-work—from whose graceful, spreading leaves shot forth long, slender, drooping stems, bearing blossoms shaped like those of the lily of the valley. These were of tinted glass, and each contained a gas jet; so the effect, when lighted, was charming. A large and really very excellent orchestra occupied the center of the pavilion. Around it was a level gravel walk, outside of which were seats, under a canopy, and, all around, one blaze of light, bursting forth in sheets and jets of all colors. Especially gorgeous was a terrace, formed of innumerable fine jets, arranged in arches and columns, with the varied colors in regular arrangement. Large mirrors were placed so as to reflect the jets in such a way that they appeared to be indefinite in number, and to cause the garden to appear much larger. Numbers of quiet and plainly-dressed ladies and gentlemen (I use the terms with punctilious correctness) were

there to look on at the lively performance, and the clergyman with his white cravat, the tourist with his guide-book, and an occasional nondescript carrying a valise jostled one another; and as such oddities attracted no particular attention, we concluded that they were customary attendants. "Every one goes to Mabille." Soon the gaudily-dressed girls began to walk around in the crowd, talking vivaciously, laughing, and appearing to enjoy themselves hugely. Only the *élite* of the *demi-monde* attend Mabille, and some of those whom we saw were of the most ravishing beauty; so much so that Handsome and Nancy agreed unanimously that one, in particular, was the fairest creature, in face and form, that they had *ever* seen. They were all well-dressed, some elegantly, others with poorer taste, and all with the most extravagantly high heels to their dainty little slippers. The men who danced were mostly ill-looking fellows, dressed in black, and wearing tall silk hats. They were very nimble, and kicked and skipped like so many jumping-jacks. They and the most athletic of the "kickers" are engaged at regular salaries by the proprietors of the establishment; the others pay their way in, and come for the excitement of the dancing.

When we saw the crowd gathered in the pavilion, and arranged so as to leave open spaces for the dancers, we joined one of the circles and were at once in the midst of flying heels and—hats, which had been kicked off with the greatest dexterity, and, in fact, grace. And

in not one instance was any one's face or head touched, but the hat-brim lifted in just the right place to send the hat whirling away. Staid-faced and scandalized-



BEFORE THE KICK.

AFTER THE KICK.

A SPANISH GRANDEE. AT MABILLE.

looking individuals were invariably selected as victims, by the pirouetting damsels. Handsome and the Object congratulated themselves that their ta-ta hats, although attracting some little attention, could not be taken off by the most accomplished kicker in the Jardin; but, no sooner had the latter seated himself, than, in the course of the "peculiar quadrille," one of the dancers sent it into the middle of the circle, by quickly scraping it off with her heel—all with the greatest ease, and much to the amusement of the applauding bystanders. The Object indulged in a new hat the very first thing next morning. The dancing grew wilder and more general, as the hours passed unheeded by, and, when it was all over, the trio walked wearily to their lodgings. Next door to us was a neat little shop kept by a French-

man, whose family, consisting of wife and daughter, was very intimate with our old English lady, "Madame" A——, and, moreover, both mother and daughter spoke excellent English. The latter was dark-eyed, petite, vivacious, and altogether charming, and, withal, dressed most coquettishly. Our old lady used to have her come in to wait upon us three at our simple French breakfasts, and our chocolate would always be cold, before we could bring ourselves to turn from watching our little fairy, as she flitted gracefully about the room, and busied herself with the breakfast things; and Handsome would never drink his until she had smiled over it; and every morning, when she poured it out, he made the same ridiculous request, which she could not prevent herself from complying with. Handsome was her favorite, notwithstanding all his absurdities, and she always sat in her window watching for our evening returning, with smiles for us all, but her sweetest one for Handsome.

"I say, Handsome," said the jealous Object, one evening, "how did you manage to get little Marie so partial to you?"

"Well, boys, I'll confess just how I think it came about. Perhaps you remember that, the first morning we were here, I was already down-stairs when you came down. I rose rather early that morning, and found Madame A—— and la belle Marie awaiting our appearance; so I was introduced in grand society style by the old lady, and

was immediately smitten by the little Frenchy, and you can imagine that I fired my best small talk. While we were chatting there, a little mouse ran across the room, stopping, midway, for a moment. She did not scream, nor act at all like a New York girl under similar circumstances, but smiled and said, quietly, 'Did you see the little fellow? He came out and looked straight at me, and then ran away.' I replied—ahem!—in my best style, you know, 'I am not at all surprised, mademoiselle, at his coming to look at you; but I am astonished and bewildered to think that he could have run away!' She seemed to understand me perfectly, and not to be at all offended; but, on the other hand, she has smiled upon me ever since. And I have added another to my list of sacred animals—the mouse."

One afternoon, as we came to our apartments to prink, preparatory to going out for the evening, Marie was sitting in the window, knitting, as usual, and Handsome was so bold this time as to throw her a kiss; but, alas! just at that critical moment her stern parent came into the store, in the nick of time to see the performance, and he scowled terribly at us.

"Missed her, by Jove, and struck the old man square, and he didn't seem to like the sensation," said Handsome. "You can't be too careful how you throw things."

But, next morning, at breakfast, there was no Marie, and every morning after that until we left we missed her; and, although Handsome felt badly enough without it, we heaped our maledictions upon him, for robbing us of our

dainty waitress. The poor child stole in, on the evening before we were to leave Paris, and, with tears in her eyes, bade us good-by—probably forever.

We spent one day among the art treasures of the Louvre, and were, as is every one, perfectly charmed with its wonders. The Object said that the two objects in the Louvre were the Venus de Milo and Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," and told us one morning that he had dreamed that he had purchased them both for his room at college!

We visited Notre Dame, one morning, to find its interior almost completely hidden by heavy drapings of solemn black, embroidered with the initials "A. T."

It was the anniversary of the death of Thiers.

As we were dining, that day, in one of the large restaurants of the Palais Royal, the Object suddenly started from his seat, and, dropping his napkin upon the floor, and dealing havoc to a tray of dishes which a waiter whom he collided with was carrying, rushed like a maniac away across the room. His two companions looked at his performance with wondering eyes, until they saw the Cyclops, with a knife in one hand and fork in the



VENUS DE MILO.

other, rise and embrace the Object until said knife and fork crossed upon his back ; then they, also, became transformed into lunatics, and hurried to the Cyclops' table. We quieted our demonstrations when we perceived that every one in the place had stopped eating, in order to watch us ; and the very waiters had checked themselves in their mad careers, and were gazing at us, with open mouths.

The Cyclops was dragged over to our table, and we four sat there in perfect happiness, and oblivion of waiters and diners, alike ; and, over our champagne, compared notes. We learned that the Parson, Bug, and Cyclops were in elegant apartments in the Quartier Latin, and had been in Paris for a week.

The Poet and the Judge had left them at Geneva, in order to return to Heidelberg and devote the rest of their time to the study of German. After dinner, we adjourned to a quiet café where we could smoke, and over the fragrance of his—for this grand occasion—franc cigar and our own cigarettes we induced the Cyclops to tell us the story of the adventures of the five.

---

## XV.

### A POTPOURRI.

THE five tramps who had caught the steamer, at Lucerne, upon the fated afternoon of separation, waited in several places for the three who had not, and finally came to the decision that the dilatory ones had concluded to spend the rest of their summer in that place. So they pushed on from Hospenthal over the Furca, and then entered upon two weeks of the most exciting Alpine climbing, making several ascents of great difficulty.



REUNION. A SCENE FOR MR.  
GOUGH.

One of their climbs was the occasion of their receiving a most complimentary letter from the Alpine club. They began with the Rhone glacier, and, just before they were to set foot upon their first ice and snow in Switzerland, they had the soles of their shoes completely studded with sharp nails, in order to insure for themselves a sure footing. Then, providing themselves with

heavy leggings, and spectacles of dark-colored glass, their outfit was complete; for they already had their sharp-pointed alpenstocks, and the guides furnished ropes, ice-axes, etc. They attempted to cross the Rhone glacier at a point much higher up than the crossing is usually made, and their guides found that, since the last time they had crossed at that point, the crevasses—which are constantly changing as the great ice-river flows slowly on—had become so altered in extension and width that they were obliged to pick out a new way. Now and then they came to a crevasse too wide to allow the most daring to harbor a thought of leaping over it, and they were compelled to follow it until they found a place narrow enough for them to jump, or until they could avoid it by making a detour. Frequently, after following one in this way for a long distance, the steps would have to be retraced and another attempt made from the original starting-point.

At first it was a little strain upon the nerves to jump these terrible ice-chasms, but they soon became accustomed to it, and could follow the lightly-leaping guides without a moment's hesitation. When a large stone falls upon the glacier, and is carried by it to a place where the surface ice melts during the daytime, it protects the ice immediately beneath it from the sun's rays, while that at its edges becomes melted. The result is that the stone comes to have under it a column of ice projecting a distance above the level of the glacier. 7

"glacier table" for a time, until the oblique rays melt off a portion upon one edge of the very top of the supporting ice-pillar ; then the stone slides off and repeats its column-forming service, while the pinnacle which it has left gradually melts away.

After dining upon such a romantic table, the tramps finished their excursion across the glacier, and soon advanced to fields offering more adventure and more danger. In going with their guides down the Straleg, they adopted a strange method of descending a long and steep snow-covered incline. Guide number one drove his alpenstock firmly into the snow, and seated himself with his feet pointing down toward the valley. Guide number two then stationed the rest of the party in one long line directly behind the first guide, and, as he seated each individual, he made him press himself as closely as possible to the one in front of him. When the line was perfectly compact and perfectly straight, with first a guide, then three tramps, then another guide, two tramps, and, bringing up the rear, the third guide, the guide in the rear cautioned all to pull forth their alpenstocks from the snow when he gave the word, and, also, to be ready to thrust them in it at any moment during the slide in which he should shout ; for, should the rear end of the line become turned to one side, those composing it would be liable to lose all control of themselves, and would go whirling and rolling down the mountain side, never to stop alive ; whereas, by all simultaneously thrusting their alpenstocks

into the snow, they could be stopped very quickly, and could again straighten the line, and proceed as before.

All ready, the word given, down they shot! Their speed increased every moment, and the snow flew in a cloud about them, penetrating up their sleeves, down necks, in ears, noses, etc.; when suddenly the command was given to stop, and they pressed in their sticks, and,



THE CYCLOPS' TROUSERS BEFORE  
AND AFTER THE SLIDE.

after nearly wrenching their arms off, brought themselves to a standstill, and tried it again.

As soon as they reached the first village at the foot, the five tramps proceeded at once to the sole tailor of the place for certain

necessary patches and repairs; while their guides smiled grimly, as they glanced down at their own leathern breeches. At times, in their snow-climbing, they suffered intensely from the heat. The reflected rays were burning, and, although the tramps had concluded that their summer's exposure had given their faces a respectable and enduring sun-bronze, upon the first snow-climb, they were so blistered that they soon went through that interesting operation commonly known as "peeling."

Their labors and dangers, while upon their most won-

derful climb, were almost appalling. At one time they had climbed for over an hour up an ice-steep, at an angle of over forty degrees, and in which their foremost guide cut their every foothold, while below them was a sheer precipice some three thousand feet in height. At another time they were in momentary dread of an avalanche. They waited for almost half an hour for a mass of snow ahead of them, and above the place where it was necessary for them to cross, to precipitate itself down the mountain side. It had a large transverse crack in its upper portion, and the guides held back, expecting that the lower portion would break off at once.

As they stood waiting and hoping for the avalanche to occur, and render their passage tolerably secure from another such overwhelming rush, they could hear, now and then, the cracking of the snow masses, with a report like that of a pistol, and then, perhaps, there followed a sullen roar. These were the characteristic sounds of the dreaded avalanches. There had been, it seemed, a long-continued moist period, and quantities of snow had fallen, so that their time of climbing was most hazardously taken. Finally, the guides decided that it would be as dangerous to remain where they were as to proceed, and they moved toward the dreaded spot. The spirits of the climbers were at the lowest ebb, and one or two of them most heartily wished that they had never seen axe, alpenstock, nor rope. Just as they were crossing, Bug, thinking to cheer up the party, began to

warble; but the first note scarcely escaped his lips when the head guide turned to him, and, pale as death, commanded him, in low but terribly impressive tones, to cease at once; for he said that the slightest vibration of the air might be sufficient to start the ready mass above them, and overwhelm them one and all with instant destruction. Strange to say, this speech did not have the effect of making the tramps feel supremely happy, and they prepared themselves to bid good-by to everything earthly, and turned their thoughts toward solemn things.

After some hours of fear and exhaustion, they at last reached a comfortable inn, thankful and silently happy, and—in the morning had half forgotten their hardships, and were eager to attempt a more difficult ascent. But mountain-climbing is expensive work, and, when their pocket-books had been somewhat wrecked, they turned their faces toward Geneva, and, with a stop there of but a few hours, proceeded directly to Paris—to ease and luxury.

The Cyclops' cigar had been smoked to its last inch when he reached the words "ease and luxury," and our own cigarettes were long since out; so we demanded to be conducted to the lodgings in the *Quartier Latin*, and there we found the Parson and Bug, and were almost smothered by their welcome. Bug went through with a performance which he informed us was "falling upon our necks and weeping," and then mounted the bureau and danced a horn-pipe, to the imminent danger of the

articles thereon. Their apartments were very pleasant, a suite of rooms on the second floor, and we found the boys in the very midst of the mysteries of packing. Upon every table, chair, and bed were scattered articles of the most varied description--alpenstocks, lace curtains, Swiss carving, and fancy tobacco-pouches were the neighbors of meerschaum pipes, hand-painted ivory fans, and paintings upon porcelain. The Object seated himself upon a bed, in the midst of a profusion of gorgeous scarfs, silk socks, handkerchiefs, silk umbrellas, bottles of extracts, kid gloves, etc., etc., and when he recovered from his amazement asked :

“Where and how did you disguised Vanderbilts accumulate all these things?”

“Oh,” replied Bug, “the small articles of *vertoo* scattered lavishly around the apartments are mere trifles we picked up in Switzerland for presents, and the load of vanity which is harrowing the hearts of the springs of that bed has just arrived from the Bong Marshy, la grand Magazine of Pairee.” Then without a look of apology; “Oh, ’scuse me, gents, ’scuse me. I forgot *you* don’t speak the Imperial language. *I* have become so accustomed to speaking French that it will slip out unbeknownst, without my knowing it, unawares, you see.”

He explained that the Bon Marché was a vast establishment where one could purchase from among a thousand varieties of goods, all reasonable in price, of the

latest fashion, and of good quality. Best kid gloves, two and a half francs; silk socks, four francs; fine silk umbrellas, twenty francs—enough, we started for Au Bon Marché, and spent all the afternoon and almost all our remaining funds there. In the evening the six united tramps attended the grand opera, after procuring seats from a broker, at exorbitant prices, and being under the necessity of so doing or of remaining away, as not a seat was to be had at the box-office. After the opera we strolled along one of the brilliant boulevards, and, entering a café, seated ourselves at two different tables. At the table next that at which the Parson was seated, sat a man gazing vacantly at an untasted cup of coffee before him. The Parson speaks French fluently, so he gave the garçon the orders for his table. The moment

he had finished, our friend of the coffee came slowly to him, bowed, and, with a rich brogue, said:

“You spake Frinch, don’t you, sor?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the Parson.

“For Hivin’s sake, sor, tell me the Frinch for brandy! I’ve been here for an hour trying to get som’at to

drink. I’ve asked thim for brandy, and they brought me caffy. I’ve asked thim for whishkey—they brought me caffy. Nothing but caffy, caffy, caffy!”

The Parson reluctantly told him what to ask for, and



GARÇON.

he seated himself again, grabbed the coat-tails of the first waiter that came near him, and called out :

“Here, ye sphindle-shank divil of a Frinchman, *eau de vie*, d’ ye hear? EAU DE VIE.”

He got his brandy this time, and tossed it off with the remark :

“None o’ your downn caffy for me!”

The next day the Parson was to start for Normandy, to spend a few days with some relatives there, and Bug and the Cyclops were to go directly to London; so we spent the morning to-



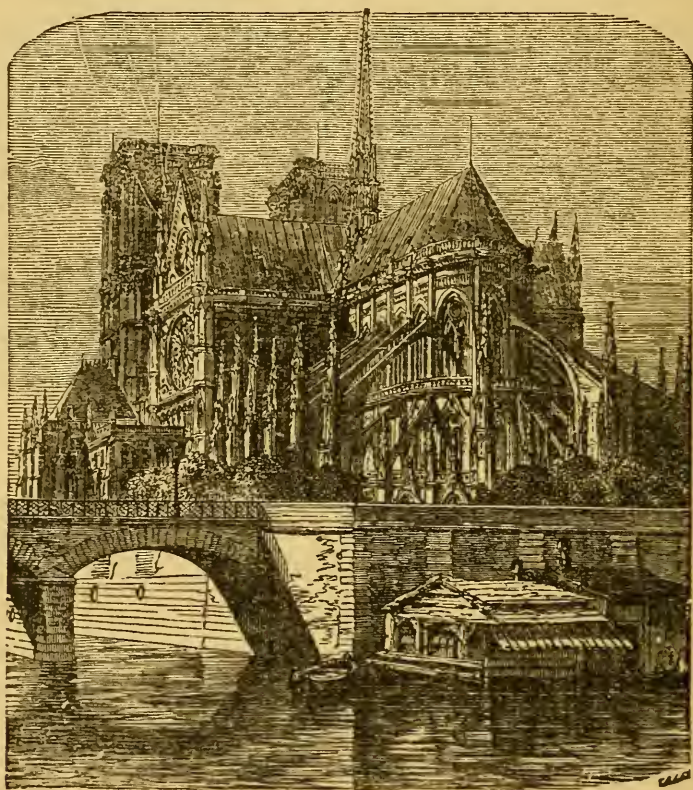
gether in carrying out a pet plan. We had met several specimens of that class of traveler, who, when he finds that you have visited a place where he himself has been, endeavors to discover some object of interest there which he himself has visited, but which you may have neglected; and, upon succeeding, begins to tell you :

“Oh, you have been there in vain! Most wonderful thing in the whole place, really. Finest thing, in fact, I have seen any where, etc., etc.”

And you feel humiliated beyond measure.

Accordingly, we hunted up an insignificant little

chapel, with a very long name, and we visited it and examined it very minutely, raking up everything of possible interest in it, and, in our note-books, enlarging upon its points to such an extent that we ourselves almost became persuaded that we had found something very



NOTRE-DAME, AT PARIS (REAR VIEW).

extraordinary. All in order that, in future emergencies like the above, we might meet our self-satisfied examiners with their own weapons, in much this way :

"You have been to Paris, doubtless!"

"Oh, yes."

"And, *of course*, went to the Chapel de Blank Blank Blank Blank Blank!"

"No-o (hesitatingly, for he hates to confess that there is anything which he has not seen). "No, I don't believe I remember that."

"Why, my dear sir, you astonish me! Not visit the Chapel de Blank Blank Blank Blank Blank! Impossible for a man of your taste! You might just as well have remained away from Paris altogether, as to have missed that. Why, the Madeleine is the merest dwarf, in comparison with the wonders of that chapel. You have my heart-felt sympathy."

And we hope to conquer the enemy, especially if there are two of us together.

Bug sent off this morning his fifth pair of shoes to the office of the Steamship Co. in Rotterdam. He has bought pair after pair since he first blistered his feet, and has not yet succeeded in purchasing a comfortable pair for city walking, until he reached Paris; and, unwilling to throw his scarcely-worn ones away, has shipped them all to Rotterdam *by mail*. He said:

"I expect that more backs have been made lame, more swear words uttered, more shelves broken down, and that more storage will be charged me when I reach Rotterdam—all because of my numerous 'Wandering Shoes,' than tongue can write or pen conceive of."

"Never mind," said the Object. "It shoes great economy when a man shoeseth to do as you have done."

"I shoed remark," answered the Parson; but, Nancy appearing with a pitcher of water, the Cyclops, Bug, and the Parson fled to London and Normandy.

A few days later, the last of the tramps took their final drive through the Champs Elysees, and, meeting the Parson at the depot, left fair and wicked Paris for Brussels.

A visit to the field of Waterloo, with its hundreds of "genuine relics from the dreadful conflict" still exposed for sale, (they are replenished every year by melting up the stray water-pipes of the good citizens of Brussels), and a look at the lace-making of the city, then on to Rotterdam.

At the Leijgraaf the eight tramps, once more reunited, were happy in but one thing. The Judge and Nancy were the only ones of the eight who had any money left. Bug and the Cyclops had been finished in London, and when they arrived in Rotterdam had two English shillings between them. The Poet had indulged in three new suits of clothes "to impress the boys in New Haven with," and Paris had exhausted the rest of the party. So Nancy and the Judge ruled the other tramps!—until the latter had borrowed all they wanted, when one delegation started out to purchase the delicacies for the return voyage, and another departed in search of Dutch bulbs and antique tiles. First, any number of

dozens of the richest hyacinth and tulip bulbs were purchased for exportation, and, on the way to the antiquary's shop, we passed a small store in front of which



#### SUPPLIES FOR THE RETURN VOYAGE.

were hung long strings of sabots. We entered; were each fitted with a pair of the graceful wooden shoes; and retired with them, to march along, bearing triumphantly the shoes in one hand and our packages of bulbs in the other. We evidently gave the good, quiet people of Rotterdam a sensation the like of which had not varied their smoothly-running life for years; and, when we entered our antiquary's, we found a frightened, little, round woman, who, at sight of us, rushed for the door and disappeared, soon to return dragging with her a jolly, little Hollander, smoking his long pipe and wearing the peculiar smoking-cap. He spoke English, and, when we succeeded in making him understand what we were in search of, conducted us up five flights of stairs to a rickety garret, and pointed us to a quantity of tiles

which, he said, had just been taken from the fire-place of one of the oldest houses in Rotterdam, then being torn down, and the mortar was still clinging to them.

We converted the cash which we had borrowed from Nancy and the Judge into tiles and a few rare bits of china, and turned to our hotel, to reach it just in time for dinner.

At the table sat a gentleman and lady, who, we afterwards learned, when we met them on board ship, were Professor — and wife, of Ann Arbor, and it was before them and the tramps, in one assembled, that Handsome displayed a most wonderful biblical knowledge. We were talking of our tiles, the subjects of whose "pictures" were all scriptural, and were discussing their probable age, finally deciding that the fourteenth century had given birth to them. Bug remarked :

"Well, mine are evidently the oldest of the lot, as one of them has a charming picture of a very small-sized whale sending forth a very large-sized Jonah, who looks as happy as the whale does melancholy."

"Pshaw," returned Handsome, "mine must be older than yours ; for one of mine has upon it a representation of *Adam and all the animals* coming out of the ark."

"Why, you little duckling," said Bug. "Is that the result of mature deliberation, or the abrupt thought of the moment?"

We noticed, also, a strange instance of the Parson's European education. At our first dinners in Holland and

Germany, he would use but the smallest portion of his bottle of wine, to "merely color his water and neutralize its bad effects," and was very much shocked at the rest of the tramps, who left not a drop in their own bottles ; so, with the utmost scorn, and with an air of great superiority, he would, without a word, hand over his but partially emptied bottle to the tramp seated next him. Naturally, seats beside the Parson were in great demand at that time. So now the Object, who had not had an opportunity of dining with the Parson since we were all in Lucerne together, had eagerly seated himself at his right hand. What was his astonishment to see that degenerate youth gradually, but surely, empty his pint to the dregs.

"Parson," said he, "I am shocked."

"Do not be hard upon me," he replied, with tears in his eyes. "I was driven to drink by very desperation. I could not endure to be watched for a quarter of an hour before dinner every day, and, when I had seated myself, to be conscious of the wolfish glance of Cyclops upon the one side, and Bug upon the other. It was gradually reducing me to a skeleton, and I had to save myself."

After dinner, we went on board our steamer and arranged our berths, stowed away our supply of fruit, canned meats, figs, and other articles which we had been taught by our first trip would make the voyage more endurable, and then returned ashore for our last meal and walk upon *terra firma* for many days.

## XXI.

### BACK TO OUR BOOKS.

THE next morning found us beyond the mouth of the Maas and fast steaming down the Channel. Our first acquaintance formed on board ship was one with a genial old sailor who had visited all parts of the world, and was a perfect store-house of maritime knowledge and anecdote. He had just made a trip from Peru to Rotterdam, and was now on his way to Chicago, his "home." We soon gained his good graces by our delicate respect and—our little gifts of tobacco, and he became regularly installed as instructor and protector of the party under the name of "Captain."

The Judge has already been spoken of as of a very scientific turn of mind, and he is really possessed of a quite extended knowledge in certain branches. He is much interested in entomology, and especially enthusiastic over anything in the shape of parasitical insects or growths upon insects themselves. So we prepared a snare for the Judge at our second meal out, by catching a fly and rubbing it around in our private sugar until it was completely covered with a fine, white powder. When the Judge appeared, we let loose the bedraggled insect directly upon his part of the table. None of us, however, took any notice of it, but calmly ate our frugal meal, in

the usual manner. The Judge soon saw our prepared bait, and at once seized it, examined it closely, and cried out, in rapturous tones :

“A fly with fungus upon it! .A fly with fungus!” To the unspeakable delight of the conspirators, who shrieked out their joy to the astounded scientist.

During the third day we encountered a terrible storm, which lasted for over three days, and did considerable damage, one night carrying away a part of the rigging. During its continuance, numbers of the people on board were sick; so, whenever we were allowed to do so, we went on deck to the fresh air, although the decks were wet and slippery, and, now and then, we would ship part of a wave over the bows. One of the passengers was a little meek-eyed and red-faced Englishman, “short up and down, but very long around,” as Handsome expressed it; and he was very sick and very much frightened, and came to us, as we clung to the rail, amidships, to ask if we thought there was much danger. Bug shook his head gravely, and said :

“Pretty doubtful, sir. I am very much inclined to think we won’t weather it, and I keep on deck all the time for my chance in the boats.”

The Cyclops, seeing the poor little man’s fright, cruelly added :

“I would give half of my enormous fortune to be in New York to-night. I am an old traveler by sea, sir,

and I think I see signs of the ship's going down within an hour. She is a very old craft, you know."

"O, Lord, you don't say so!" gasped the terrified man, and, in his agitation, he let go his hold upon the rail, and a sudden lurch took him from his feet and made him slide like a curling-stone along the slippery deck. He made no effort to rise, so the two prophets of evil, fearing that he was hurt, hastened to aid him, and heard him wail, as he sat motionless, but uninjured, upon the deck :

"Oh, I wish I was 'ome ! *Oh, I wish I was 'ome !!*"

The day that the storm cleared off was quite bright and cheerful, but there was still a heavy sea on, and poor Nancy, who had been the only one of us to be sea-sick, sat on deck, enveloped in shawls, and looking very sad. To him approaches the heartless Bug, whose own appetite and digestion have been wholly unimpaired during our pitchings, rollings, and tossings.

"Wie geht es mit Ihnen, Nancy?" (How are you?)

"Oh, clear out! You know I don't feel well."

"Wie geht es mit Ihnen, Nancy. I fear you do not appreciate the depth and purity of that sweet and precious sentiment. The hardened criminal who has committed terrible deeds, and is to expiate them upon the very scaffold, becomes softened, and weeps when he hears the charming words, 'Wie geht es mit Ihnen?' The ferocious cannibal, about to make his dinner upon missionary steak, turns from his fell purpose, and contents himself

with mother-in-law soup, when the soothing words, 'Wie geht es mit Ihnen?' strike his ear, like sweetest music. And you, a Christian, and soon to become an A. B., turn from them in anger." Poor, helpless Nancy turns his face wearily away from the sight of the nonsensical haranguer, and Bug retreats for a moment. But only for a moment, for he soon emerges from the steerage, bringing with him a large piece of one of the delicacies of the steerage table—Holland herring, half-raw, greasy, yet devoured with the greatest gusto by the Germans on board, but exceedingly disagreeable to an American palate. Returning to the forlorn Nancy, who has not eaten anything for two days, the wretch repeated his "Wie geht es mit Ihnen?" and, saying:

"My poor child, I have brought you a little delicacy I saved from my own breakfast for you. Eat it all, and enjoy it;" he held before him the disgusting morsel. It was too much for Nancy, and he had to be helped to the side, and the Cyclops and the Judge, after a tussle, succeeded in overpowering Bug, and, for vengeance's sake, sat upon him for a quarter of an hour by the Judge's watch. Nancy was taken back to his steamer chair, muttering:

"That fellow hasn't any of the milk of human kindness in his composition."

As the pleasant weather continued, Nancy grew better, and we began to extract solid enjoyment from the voyage. We had, by this time, become acquainted with

almost all of the cabin passengers except a charming young lady, who, of course, was the most desirable acquaintance of them all, but was very closely attended by her brother, as we knew him to be. But, one day after dinner, we were astonished to see the Poet appear on deck, "under full sail," with one of his three new suits, and scarf, collar, etc., of the latest styles.

"What's the matter? Going to a German?" asked Bug.

"Oh, a fellow gets tired of wearing the same clothes all the time, you know, and, now that the weather has brightened, I thought I should feel better to freshen up myself a little." And the Poet seated himself near us, and began to read in his favorite Tennyson.

We turned again to our own writing and reading, but, suddenly, Handsome asked :

"Why, where's the Poet?"

"This must be investigated," said the Judge, as he left his book to search for him, and returned, beckoning us to follow. We did so, and saw, calmly sitting under the awning over the quarter-deck, playing cards with our young lady and her brother—the guileless Poet, finery and all. But he remained sole master of the field for a very short time, for he was so badly used up at supper-time by his indignant companions that he promised to introduce one and all. We learned that she was a Vassar girl, and that her brother was to enter Harvard that fall. So the Poet's wearing of his "store clothes" was

accounted for ; but it has always remained a mystery how he played his cards to begin the acquaintance.

Although the weather had now been fine for several days, an old German, with a tremendous circumference, was still very sea-sick, and, as we sat on deck late into the beautiful moonlight nights, every now and then a white-shirted apparition would rush hurriedly from the steerage and to the steamer's side. With his usual desire for a nickname, Bug had dubbed him "Mr. Ganzmeyer," and, one evening when he had not appeared as usual, the Poet sang :

*(To the Air of "Buffalo Gals.")*

"Oh, Mr. Ganzmeyer, are you coming out to-night ?

Are you coming out to-night ?

Are you coming out to-night ?

Oh, Mr. Ganzmeyer, are you comin' out to-night,

To be ill by the light of the moon ?"

"Don't," shrieked Nancy. "You'll make me sea-sick again."

"Do we breathe the pure air of freedom, or the fœtid breath of brutal despotism ?" declaimed Bug. "We sing what we choose. Eh, Poet ?"

One day we were astonished by the romantic news that there had been a wedding on board. Two steerage passengers had been united in the first cabin, and were to hold a reception on deck that evening. The festivities began with a dance, to the music of an harmonicon,

and almost all the passengers either joined in the maze or stood by to look on. As it grew late, all but the inti-



WEDDING-FEAST SUPPLIES.

mate friends of the bride and groom retired from the scene, and the wedding-feast was served. It consisted of bottled beer and of beer in bottles, and, as we sat smoking and singing, our steward passed us time and time again, each time with several of the filled bottles. Once the bride herself passed, carrying a bottle of beer under each arm; but, just as she had gone by us, she slipped and fell, with a great thump, to the deck.

Bug hastened to assist her to her feet, but she was up before he reached there, and, although she had landed full upon her head, merely examined her bottles to see if they were broken, and then, finding that they were whole, smiled and said:

“Das macht gar Nichts!” (It makes no difference at all.)

The next time the steward came with fresh supplies, we asked him how many bottles the bridal party had then had—“*Forty-eight.*”

That feast must have been a success.

Quite late that night, one of the revelers, a man with small, snake-like, black eyes, and shaggy, unkempt hair and beard, took occasion to grossly insult Bug, as he stood near him. Bug paid no attention to it at the time, but said quietly, as we were retiring, that he would "speak to that Pirate in the morning." Next morning, he went up to the man, told him what he had done the night before, and said :

"Now, of course there is excuse for you because you were not in a condition to know what you were saying and doing. All I want you to do is to say that it was not right, and that you are sorry for it."

But our Pirate replied, "No, it was right. I meant it, I meant it."

"All right," said Bug. "Put up your hands. I am going to strike you."

And he did, and the faint thud of the blow was all the intimation which the rest of us heard of the whole proceeding, although we were sitting not ten feet away. The man made no offer to return the blow, but went and complained to the ship's captain, who came to Bug, and, after hearing about the matter, refused to do anything. So the Pirate threatened to kill Bug, at the first opportunity ; and as we passed him when he was getting his dinner, he raised his knife high in the air. But our old Captain was there, and, seizing the man with one

hand, he shook him as a terrier would a rat, and with a dangerous twinkle in his eye and a fierce curl to his mustache, asked in his delicious brogue :

“What ye goin’ to do wid that knoife?”

The Pirate replied, meekly enough, that he was only about to use it to butter his bread.

“All roight,” and the Captain let go his hold.

But Bug slept with his penknife under his pillow for several nights, but the Pirate troubled him no more.

As we neared the coast, we met numerous sailing vessels, but, even at that late stage of the voyage, could not resist the temptation to rush to the sides, as the strings of bright-colored bunting were flung out to the breezes. Two very evenly-matched pilot boats had a race for our steamer, which was watched with the greatest excitement by all on board; and, when we were finally boarded by the quarantine officers, with their vile little fumigating materials, “it did really seem as though we were somewhere,” as Nancy remarked.

Early in the evening we came to anchor between New York and Hoboken, but were tantalized by being kept on board over night. The customs boat came alongside, and left on board several officers, to seal up every thing and keep watch all night, and we entered into conversation with one of them, who informed us, coolly, that “the officers were never *offended* if any one offered them a little

present." We refused to take the hint, but still experienced no annoyance on the following morning, although we each had that same officer make as careful an examination as he chose—probably he hoped on for his "little present." But there was not then money enough in the whole party to have taken us all to New Haven.

The tramps now appeared in all the glories of the apparel which some of them had carried across the water and back, to find that it might almost as well have been left in New York; as it had been worn but twice—once upon the first day of our voyage to Rotterdam, once upon the last day of our return trip. We were all obliged to go with the rest of the steerage passengers to Castle Garden, and have our names, ages, etc., registered. While standing there, waiting to be allowed to depart, several people came and looked curiously at us, and one distributor of Bibles presented us with Testaments printed in German, and, in the same language, asked if we were not Tyrolese. The Object frightened him badly by replying, in forcible English :

"No. Can't you tell Zulus when you see them?"

When at last released, we agreed to meet at the Grand Union for dinner, and Nancy, having enough money to take four besides himself there, departed with the Parson, Bug, the Cyclops, and the Poet. The Judge, Handsome, and the Object hailed a hackman, with the air of men whose purses were bursting with gold; but, by actual count, they had thirty-seven cents in their possession, for

the generous Judge had been temporarily ruined, in a financial light, from his repeated loans to the bankrupt tramps. However, he stopped somewhere on the way up town, and procured us more money than we had seen for a month, and we drove on our way to our dining-place rejoicing. There we astonished the waiters by the strange incongruity of the dishes which we demanded of them to bring on together. Cyclops, for instance, ordered raw oysters, charlotte russe, and green corn all at once, for he had not been able to procure either of those articles since the day we had left New York. The eight dined together—the Judge paid the bill. The Judge bought the tickets to New Haven, and, not yet out of that state of pleasurable excitement into which we had been plunged by the first sight of the pilot boats, we found our favorite hackmen at the New Haven depot, and were whirled up to the college campus.

College had now been in session for some length of time, and the tramps had been obliged, before starting, to obtain the President's permission for them to return by the steamer which they took at Rotterdam.

So, as those who roomed in Old South drew up to the fence, they found the usual evening crowd gathered there, and, upon alighting with their bundles of canes, umbrellas, and alpenstocks, were met with a shout of:

“Hooray, here come the ‘blasted foreigners,’ boys,”

and were almost smothered for half an hour, before their class-mates allowed them to go to their rooms.

As they were climbing the stairs of their respective entries, they heard, swelling from the Senior fence, the strains of, "*Home again! Home again! from a foreign shore,*" and music never sounded half so sweet as did their class-mates' compliment.

After electrifying the chapel, recitation room, and campus for one short morning, with their attempts at full beards, the eight put themselves, at the first opportunity, in the hands of the ruthless tonsorial artist, who turned out eight moderately respectable-looking, mustachioed, side-whiskered, or smooth-faced youths. The transformation from TRAMPS to STUDENTS was now complete.

It is hard, hard to close without a bit of matrimony, and the only consolation that can be offered by the sorrowing but truthful historian is that the prospects in that line, for at least three of us, are very, very encouraging.

During our Senior year, occasionally an invitation from Vassar reached the many-suited, enterprising Poet, but he has since met another fair one, and is a Farmington man now. Handsome says that he will never forget little Marie of Paris; while Bug still has vivid recollections of the Lady of the Phosphorus—and some dozen others.

The wolf is still the sworn companion of the Cyclops, and the Judge yet deludes himself with the idea that he can distinguish between a good cigar and a fly with fungus upon it.

Nancy is a confirmed old bachelor; the Parson has given up drinking; the Object, having come across the following in Hart's Rhetoric:—"The pun is an inferior species of wit, and one which is often carried to a tiresome excess," has given up punning.

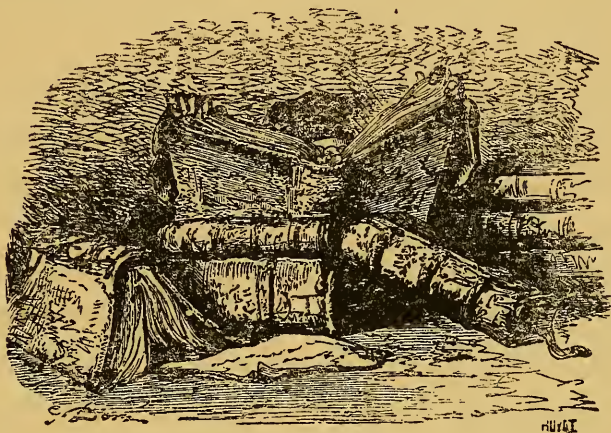
We all graduated with more or less honors—most of us with less! and expect to have the eight made up, at some future day, as follows:

Three lawyers, one physician, one clergyman, one gentleman of leisure, one street-car driver, and one editor—approximating the order to the degree of merit.

We look back upon our summer as tramps as the happiest one of our lives, and hope to be at least partially reunited in another of much the same character—*harring steerage*.

At present the eight is scattered from San Francisco to Brunswick, Me.; each member of it is hard at work preparing himself for his future profession or occupation; all unitedly are, probably, heaping their maledictions upon the writer of such a history of such a trip; and he—well, he is hoping that the reader may have perused said melancholy history far enough to know that

he or she (the latter, of course, a thousand times preferred) is heartily wished the fullest and richest of good-fortune.



**FINIS.**



# COLLEGE CUTS

A COLLECTION OF SKETCHES IN THE  
STYLE OF PUNCH, ILLUSTRATING HUMOR-  
OUS EPISODES IN COLLEGE AND "SOCIETY"  
LIFE.

BY HERZOG, McVICKAR AND OTHERS.  
ENTERTAINING AND WELL DRAWN.

TASTEFULLY BOUND, \$1.75.

---

*"Punch has never presented a better series of  
small cartoons and the text is better than the aver-  
age of our heavy friend across the water."—*

WASHINGTON GAZETTE.

*"College Cuts is destined to make no end of  
fun; for all who turn its merry pages will smile  
and smile again."—ST. PAUL GLOBE.*

---

TO BE HAD OF ANY BOOKSELLER OR  
WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS AT OUR  
EXPENSE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE AS ABOVE.

---

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

# SUMMER GLEANINGS

BY

ROSE PORTER,

*Author of Foundations, Summer Driftwood, etc.*

ARRANGED WITH APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS FROM EMINENT AUTHORS FOR EACH DAY OF THE SUMMER. EACH PAGE HAS BLANK SPACES UPON IT FOR DAILY NOTES, A FRIEND'S AUTOGRAPH, A PHOTOGRAPH, A SKETCH, PRESSED FLOWERS, ETC.

WILL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR OF A SUMMER.

BOUND SO THAT PRESSED FLOWERS CAN BE PUT IN IT. PRINTED ON SUITABLE PAPER.

BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN VARIOUS STYLES.

CLOTH, GOLD STAMPING, . \$1.75.

MAROON LEATHER, GOLD STAMPING, 3 50.

LINEN, PLAIN, FOR DECORATION, 3.50.

---

*"The idea is a very pretty one, and too much praise cannot be given to Miss Porter for her admirable selections of suggestive poems scattered through the book."*—

BUFFALO EXPRESS.

*"As beautiful as it is unique."*—BOSTON HOME JOURNAL.

---

TO BE HAD OF ANY BOOKSELLER, OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS, AT OUR EXPENSE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE AS ABOVE.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

A DAINY EDITION OF  
THE POEMS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

16mo, 136 pages, printed on fine, laid paper, wide margins, bound in limp vellum, title page and cover printed in blue, wholly uncut edges, . . . \$1.00

Same, old gold cloth, novel stamp in silver, . . . 1.00

*Limp, blue tree calf*, round corners, solid gilt edges, 4.50

Limp, olive seal-skin, . . . 4.50

THE ONLY SEPARATE EDITION OF THESE POEMS.

*(The bindings of this book have received special attention and are exquisite.)*

---

COMPANION VOLUME TO ABOVE.

POEMS OF GEORGE ELIOT

PRINTED ON THE SAME PAPER, CLEAR  
TYPE, WIDE MARGINS.

Cloth, beautifully stamped, . . . \$1.00

Vellum, design in red, . . . 1.00

*(Other bindings in preparation.)*

---

To be had of any bookseller, or sent to any address,  
at our expense, on receipt of price as above.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

## FIELDING'S WORKS.

*New and elegant edition printed from new American plates, large type (a very handsome page), on fine paper, octavo.*

THE BEST EDITION OF FIELDING AT A  
MODERATE PRICE.

Four volumes, cloth extra, gilt tops, \$2.00 per volume.

Extra half calf, or half morocco, \$20.00 per set.

TOM JONES, 2 volumes. JOSEPH ANDREWS, 1 volume.  
AMELIA, 1 volume.

Sold separately, or in sets, in cloth. In half calf or half morocco, sold in sets only.

*These are not the ordinary half calf and half morocco bindings, but are of the best material and workmanship.*

---

## PRIZES

FOR THE CHILDREN.

### THE PRIZE PAINTING BOOK.

*By Dora Wheeler. Made up largely of original designs in outline, which are printed on paper prepared for water colors.*

*In addition, there are several exquisite designs in color, some of them serving as pattern pages.*

*We will pay in September, 1883, \$150.00 IN PRIZES, to the three children who most successfully color the outline pages of the book, to be awarded by the following judges:*

MISS ROSINA EMMET, MISS CAROLINE TOWNSEND,  
MISS DORA WHEELER.

*Full information in regard to the competition can be found in the book.*

*"The designs are charmingly graceful and felicitous."—*

*North American.*

*"The treatment is sketchy and artistic, and the results very attractive."—N. Y. World.*

*"A treasure."—Christian Standard.*

---

Flat 4to, illuminated covers, - - \$1.50

To be had of any bookseller or will be sent to any address, at our expense, on receipt of price as above.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN, Publishers,  
NEW YORK.

# WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

---

*A new departure intended to take the place, in a measure, of the now commonplace Christmas and Easter cards.*

*Poems of wild flowers, by Whittier, Longfellow, Stedman, R. W. Gilder, J. T. Trowbridge, Julia Ward Howe and others, all contributed by the authors for this volume, and arranged by Ellen E. Dickinson.*

Printed in the daintiest style upon the most costly paper ever used for such a purpose in this country.

Each in a box for mailing, . \$1.75

*"One of the quaintest and prettiest conceits of the season."*—*Chicago Interior.*

*"A gem in literature and in art."*—*Syracuse Journal.*

*"A beautiful and delicate gift for any season."*—

*Baptist Weekly.*

To be had of any bookseller, or will be sent to any address at our expense on receipt of price as above.

---

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

"Price considered, the most attractive gift book of the season, and would grace the center table of the most aristocratic homes."—*Chicago Sat. Eve. Herald.*

---

## THE ARTISTS' YEAR.

*Poems of the months, by Margaret P. Janes and others, with an illustration for each month by a representative American artist.*

*In striking and novel binding. Tied with silk cord.*

Oblong 4to., 56 pages.

Cloth, richly ornamented, . . . \$4.50

Vellum, " " . . . 9.00

*Full-page illustrations by*

A. QUARTLEY.

J. M. HART.

J. W. CASILEAR.

H. BOLTON JONES.

J. R. BREVOORT.

THOMAS MORAN.

R. M. SHURTLEFF.

R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

JULIA DILLON.

G. H. SMILLIE.

DAVID JOHNSON,

A. F. BELLOWS.

"A book that will be especially enjoyed by artists and lovers of fine pictures."—*Detroit News.*

"A superbly bound volume."—*Grand Rapids Democrat.*

To be had of any bookseller, or will be sent to any address, at our expense, on receipt of price as above.

---

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

*"The children will fall in love with this book at sight, so beautiful is it in its pictures, paper, printing, and its elegant binding."*—*Boston Home Journal*.

---

## SNOW AND SUNSHINE

A Book about Boys and Girls, for Boys and Girls,

BY

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB,

*Author of "History of the City of New York," "Homes of America," etc., etc.*

Flat 8vo., 224 pages, fully illustrated, with bright and taking covers stamped in silver, gold and colors, . \$2.00

---

*"A charming book in every respect."*—

*Central Christian Advocate.*

*"One of the most attractive books of the kind ever published."*—

*Louisville Home Journal.*

---

## A NEW BOOK OF FAIRY TALES

With five beautiful colored plates by MISS LYDIA EMMET.

Original fairy stories for little people by HENRIETTA C. WRIGHT.

## LITTLE FOLK IN GREEN.

Printed in large type on fine laid paper.

Beautifully bound in olive green, with design in red and gold, . . . . . \$1.75

---

*"The loveliest of fairy books."*—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

*"Replete with dainty and original imaginings."*—

*Art Interchange.*

*"Will be read and re-read over and over again."*

*Boston Home Journal.*

---

To be had of any bookseller, or will be sent to any address, at our expense, on receipt of price as above.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,

PUBLISHERS,

NEW YORK.

# PUSSY WILLOW AND OTHER CHILD SONGS.

*Illustrations by Gertrude Clement.*

*Words by Henriette Cushing.*

*Music by S. E. Farrar.*

*Mrs. Cushing has written a number of charming songs, fitted for the enjoyment of children, and these have been set to music, and illustrated in colors.*

*The colored illustrations are of real merit, and are printed in the same high style of art as those in our "PRIZE PAINTING BOOK." They are faced by the songs and their accompanying music.*

FLAT 4to, ILLUMINATED COVERS, \$2.00,

"The drawings are spirited and pretty, the music is graceful and melodious, and the verses are full of daintiness and fancy."—*Boston Gazette.*

"There is no home with youth in it but that can find hours of pleasure in this volume."—*American Rural Home.*

---

## THE CHRISTMAS OWL.

---

## THE CHRISTMAS BASKET.

Christmas Poems by *Mrs. Martha J. Lamb*, each with fanciful colored covers.

PRICE, 50 CENTS EACH.

---

To be had of any bookseller, or will be sent to any address, at our expense, on receipt of price as above.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN,  
PUBLISHERS,  
NEW YORK.



What has been said of

# ESAU HARDERY

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD

"A protest against sham and hypocrisy."—

*Illinois State Journal.*

"Contains more elements of strength than any of the recent works of fiction.—*St. Paul Press.*

## THE AUTHOR

"Is in harmony with every novelist that the world calls great."—*Pittsburgh Advocate.*

## THE HERO

"Is a tramp of a strange type."—*Denver Times.*

## THE STYLE

"Is breezy, and the interest never lags."—

*Syracuse Courier.*

"Remarkably original and filled with crisp and sparkling dialogue." "In point of

## WIT

many of the passages would do credit to the genius of a DICKENS or a THACKERAY."—*Syracuse Advocate.*

"ESAU HARDERY WILL BEAR TWO READINGS."—*Syracuse Chr. Advocate.*

"One of the few novels which will have a large sale."—

*Lockport Union.*

Price, paper, 50 cents ; cloth, \$1.50.

WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

H 61-79











JAN 79

N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 678 830 6